



THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1830

JUNE 1, 1907

PRICE THREEPENCE

Education

SHERBORNE SCHOOL.

A N Examination for Entrance Scholarships, open to Boys under 15 (on June 1), will be held on June 5, 6, 7. Further information can be obtained from the Rev. the Headmaster, School House, Sherborne, Dorset.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

A N Examination will be held on June 26, 27 and 28 to fill up not less than five residential Scholarships, three non-residential Scholarships and some exhibitions. For particulars apply by letter to the Bursar, Westminster School Bursary, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

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Art

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OUR EXCHANGE AND MART of Books Wanted and For Sale.

CONTENTS

	Page		Page
The Literary Week	523	The Library Table	532
Foggy Noon (From Blackfriars Railway Bridge)	525	The Censorship of Plays: II—Possible Lines of Reform	533
Ben Jonson	525	Moreau le Jeune—I	534
De Profundis (To a Beautiful Voice)	525	Literary Epochs	536
Literature:		Church Music	537
Puritan Manifestoes	525	Fiction	538
The Human Side of Swift's Character	527	Fine Art:	
"Le Prince des Historiens"	529	Non Angeli sed Angli	539
Illusionism and Illusion	530	Drama:	
Interesting Memoirs	532	At His Majesty's Theatre	540

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THE LITERARY WEEK

IN the ACADEMY of March 16 a review appeared of Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of Walter Pater." The book was treated as it deserved to be treated by our reviewer. A perhaps mistakenly wide view as to the rights of an author to reply to adverse criticism induced us to print two letters from Mr. Wright. In one of those he made an absurd statement to the effect that Burton had plagiarised his translation of the "Arabian Nights" from Mr. John Payne. This grotesque statement naturally aroused indignation, and the whole subject of Mr. Wright's qualifications as a biographer was exhaustively discussed in our columns in a correspondence which lasted for seven weeks. On May 11 we intimated that though we had received several further letters concerning Mr. Wright's remarks about Burton we did not propose to go on with the correspondence, our opinion being that the majority of our readers had heard quite enough of Mr. Wright and all his works. Our disappointed correspondents thereupon, it appears, turned their attention to our worthy contemporary the *Saturday Review*, and last week we were amused to see that the overflow of the ACADEMY correspondence had found an outlet into our contemporary's guileless columns. We feel flattered. The *Saturday Review*, like David Copperfield, is "going it."

The Commendatore Boni delivered an interesting lecture on Wednesday afternoon, in the rooms of the Royal Society, on the object of Trajan's column and the meaning of its dedicatory inscription, AD. DECLARANDVM. QVANTAE. ALTITUDINIS. MONS. ET LOCVS. TANTIS. OPERIBVS. SIT. EGESTVS. Archæologists have believed on the strength of the inscription that the column was raised to mark the height of a hill which had been removed in order to level the Forum, and that it probably never contained a sepulchral chamber. It would appear to have been easy to set this latter doubt at rest before now, but it has remained to the Commendatore to discover in the pedestal a loophole similar to those which light the spiral staircase which did not serve for that purpose. By this very simple indication he found in the inner vestibule of the column a door which had been walled-up and covered with plaster. He cut away the masonry and discovered within two chambers. In the inner chamber were the remains of a funeral table, and above it, at opposite ends, two holes drilled in the walls. The Commendatore concludes that to these were fixed stanchions which supported

two urns which rested on the table. An inscription preserved in the Vatican Lapidarium states that Hadrian erected a temple to his parents, which stood close to the column. The Commendatore seems therefore to have fairly established as a fact that the column was erected as a mausoleum over the ashes of Trajan and Plotina, the parents of Hadrian.

As regards the inscription, the Commendatore has we hold arrived at a conclusion still more convincing, but, we think, merely negative. He dug pits near the column and a trench across the whole valley which contains the Forum. At the level where the substrata of the supposed hill would have lain, he found in their place remains of early imperial and republican work such as foundations and drains. In particular, he found traces of a wall built of blocks of tufa, exactly similar to the still existing fortifications on the slopes of the Quirinal. It is evident that these are the remains of the fortifications which Livy mentions as having been built after the retreat of the Gauls in the fourth century. The existence of any hill occupying this spot is therefore abundantly disproved, without the Commendatore's further argument, which we do not consider would be very conclusive in itself. He has discovered that the column is so exactly one hundred feet high that the length of the Roman foot has been more accurately fixed in accordance with it. He argues against the probability of a hill existing of such accurate measurement. Surely a *columna centenaria*, being a stereotype, might well have been chosen to mark the removal of a hill of about that height. We cannot accept the Commendatore's positive explanation of the inscription as very convincing. He considers it to refer to the height and proportions of the buildings on the level of the Forum Ulpium and on the slope of the neighbouring hill. We cannot follow him in extracting this meaning from the Latin words, which remain to us as little explicable as before.

The revival of Mr. Bernard Shaw's delightful comedy, *Man and Superman*, at the Court Theatre, was chiefly remarkable for the change in the cast occasioned by the retirement of Mr. Granville Barker in favour of Mr. Robert Loraine in the part of John Tanner. Mr. Granville Barker is one of the most brilliant, accomplished and versatile actors in Europe, and it was with a premonition of disappointment that we noted that he was not to take his former part. As it happened, however, this premonition was so far from being borne out, that the substitution of Mr. Loraine proved an added attraction to the play. Mr. Loraine's reading of the part was in every way better—at any rate it appeared to be so. How much of this undoubted fact was due to his personal appearance as distinct from the appearance of John Tanner as he appeared in the make-up adopted by Mr. Barker, and how much was due to his different style of interpreting the part, it would be very difficult to decide. We can only record our impression that the whole "probability" of the play was enormously increased by the change. Miss Lillah MacCarthy seems to get better as Ann Whitefield every time she plays the part, and the whole performance was in every way worthy of the best traditions of the Court Theatre. No higher praise could be given to any production.

Mr. Clement Shorter, in his literary letter in the *Sphere* last week, was tenderly solicitous as to the fate which, according to him, may overtake the ACADEMY if it continues to provide "pepper and gall" in its reviews of books. He warns us that publishers will refuse to send books to the ACADEMY if the writers on that paper say—well, what they really think about these

books. We think Mr. Shorter is doing the publishers a grave injustice; we are under no apprehensions at all that they will resent frank and honest criticism, whether it be favourable or unfavourable. Even the most sensitive publishers must occasionally revolt against a continuous treacle diet. At any rate: *s'ils ne sont pas contents ils n'auront qu'à le dire.*

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's forthcoming book on the British occupation of Egypt is sure to provide some sensational reading; and couched as it is bound to be in his noble prose style it will, whatever the individual reader may think of its political tendencies, be a matter of considerable literary import. Lord Cromer doubtless considers himself quite invulnerable to the attacks of Mr. Blunt on questions of politics, and very likely he is right. But like Achilles he has a heel. The "heel" in question is a volume of about the worst "poetry" that has ever been perpetrated by any public man in the history of Europe, not excepting Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Blunt is known to possess a copy of this work, which consists of rhymed translations from various classical authors. But perhaps he will consider that to make use of it in a controversy of the present kind would be "hitting below the intellect."

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, under the able management of Mr. Gaston Mayer at Terry's Theatre, continues to draw, we are pleased to note, the crowded houses which its real merits as a melodramatic comedy amply justify. To that portion of the audience which is unacquainted from personal experience with such types of Americans as are represented by Mrs. Madge Carr Cook, Mr. Frederick Burton, Miss Louise Closser, Mrs. Grace Griswold, Mr. Gus Wilkes, Mr. Thomas Kelly, and their clever colleagues of both sexes, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* is a most interesting study in morals, manners, and, above all, accent of speech and intonation. Nearly every variety of the numerous accentuations of the English language adopted by Americans of different origin and class are here represented with unfailing skill. The characterisation of the personages and the dialogue are also subtle and vivacious to no ordinary degree, and notwithstanding the popular bid which such a piece must necessarily make, it provides an artistic and intellectual treat which is as uncommon as it is unexpected.

Journalists will hear with very great regret of the death of Mr. George Byron Curtis. His name was intimately associated with that of the *Standard* in its best days, when the energy and enterprise of Mr. W. H. Mudford made it for a time what may be called, without exaggeration, the leading paper of Europe. Mr. Curtis, who had won his spurs as the first editor of the *Echo*, proved the very best sub-editor to Mr. Mudford. He had the faculty of understanding his chief almost as well as the chief understood himself, and the combination was splendidly effective. It suited Mr. Mudford admirably, because he was one of those editors who like to do their work in privacy. In fact very few of the contributors to the *Standard* ever saw him or heard him but for a moment when they beheld the vision of a shaggy head and a somewhat ponderous figure appearing through the door of the room in which Mr. Curtis held his interviews.

As an editor Mr. Curtis was not quite so successful. He had the merit of being very thorough and careful and accurate and in the end this made the *Standard* somewhat dull. Certainly for our own part we prefer his defects to the showy and unsound brilliance that distinguishes the cheap press of to-day. When the *Standard* changed hands it is no secret that Mr. Byron Curtis was very much cut up, and his disappointment combined with the

worry incidental to the legal proceedings in which he embarked perhaps had the effect of shortening his days. However that may be there are few journalists who will have any but pleasant memories of the old editor of the *Standard*. Most of us remember the old days at the Whitefriars Club when it was very rare indeed for him to miss one of the weekly dinners. As a companion he was one of the most cheerful and pleasant of men. As a friend he was staunch and true to a degree. We do not know of a single individual who belonged to the *Standard* circle during his time who ever expressed any but the very warmest feelings for George Byron Curtis.

A sale of important manuscripts relating to Scottish History took place at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's on Wednesday, the 29th. It included nine autograph letters of John Graham of Claverhouse to George Earl of Linlithgow, major-general of the forces in Scotland, relating to Claverhouse's efforts to repress the Covenanters. They were written just before his defeat at Drumclog, and the two last are dated just after the murder of Archbishop Sharp, in 1679. A still more interesting document is the original warrant for the Massacre of Glencoe, February 1692. Its appearance may revive the controversy as to the complicity of William III. in the execution of this measure.

On the one hand the Rights of the People as they were estimated by the directors of the Glorious Revolution of 1688, afforded little protection against such methods of securing Puritan Liberty. The remembrance that his Dutch Guards had scarcely succeeded in overawing the Houses of Parliament into offering him the Crown of England must have shown William the necessity of securing his position by any means. His Calvinistic training must have prevented him from feeling any compunction in devoting Papists to the perdition for which Providence had created them. The sophistries of his most ardent partisans have never succeeded in clearing him of an accusation which has since become inconvenient to their cause. On the other hand it is unlikely that so astute a ruler should not have foreseen the danger of using methods which were rapidly ceasing to appeal to the feelings of civilised peoples; and that he should not have taken measures to conceal his complicity in them if it actually existed.

The astonishing neglect which has overtaken the beautiful English madrigals of Wilbye, Campion and their like is a very sad feature of modern life. There exists of course the old-established Madrigal Society which has occasional meetings, and with the assistance of the choir-boys of the Chapel Royal gives excellent renderings of these beautiful examples of an almost lost art. But as this is a private club and as admittance to its meetings can only be obtained by the occasional courtesy of an invitation from one of its members, music-lovers are debarred from hearing the masterpieces of part-composition which ought to be one of the great glories of England. The words of some of these madrigals are as beautiful as the music. We make no apology for quoting (from memory) "Sweet Honey-Sucking Bees," a madrigal in five parts by Wilbye :

Sweet honey sucking bees, why do you still
Surfeit on roses, pinks and violets,
As if the choicest nectar lay in them
Wherewith you store your curious cabinets?

Ah take your flight to Melisuvia's lips,
There you may revel in ambrosian cheer,
Where smiling roses and sweet lilies sit,
Keeping their Spring-tide graces all the Year.

Yet sweet take heed, all sweets are hard to get.
Touch not her soft lips, O ! beware of that.
For if one flaming dart fall from her eye
(Was never dart so sharp), Ah ! then you die.

FOGGY NOON

(FROM BLACKFRIARS RAILWAY BRIDGE)

UPON the sombre waterside she lay
Sullenly heaving, like a monstrous toad
Breathless in the murk middle of the day :
The idle lighter lumbered the dim flood.

Hardly the water you might see ; the Fog
Veiled it, and veiled its neighbour brooding Dome,
Loading the dull noon as a giant log
Loads a stream lapsing towards the too-far foam.

And at the water's edge the water's guard
Of rankèd eremites in solemn mood
Kept their inviolate time-haunted ward
Mid incommunicable solitude.

A Wonder !—the Sun's hand hath clov'n the mist ;
Bridge, wharf and barge suddenly break in sight :
There, from the mast a moment since unwist,
A red sail scarfs the gallant conquering light.

O London of the myriad changing moods,
O pageant of the moment-magic'd light,
O River of the ne'er unmarvell'd floods,
O City of the wizard Day-in-Night !

JOHN FREEMAN.

BEN JONSON

THERE was a fight in Hogsden Field :
The gallows nearly won the victor
But luck preserved and fortune kneeled
To him she chose for London's licitor.

In youth he carried bricks in hods
With Homer hidden in his pocket :
Later he bore satiric rods,
And every nail he saw, would knock it.

With russet rotten apple face
And one eye than the other bigger,
All that his body lacked in grace
His mind displayed in wit and vigour.

He wore a clumsy coachman's coat
Among the fops, and mended breeches :
In neither what he wore or wrote
Bowed he to either power or riches.

And though he called old Bess divine
He squared it with his true opinions,
And followed "Cynthia's" flattering line
A thousand lashes for her minions.

Behold him in Paul's middle aisle
Noting the boots of Bobadils

And studying with tolerant smile
Embroidered shirts and coloured frills.

Watching with every sense, his ear
More keen than fining choristers
Ready the slightest sound to hear,
Notes the sharp clink of silver spurs.

Coxcomb and cutpurse, idlers, fools
He reads the world here—market—church
And sees, where sanctuary rules,
Love and religion in the lurch.

While mighty Will's immortal pen
Mankind for all the ages shows,
That man must read the works of Ben
Who'd boast that Shakespeare's times he knows.

At night he'd join that brightest throng
That ever laughed with mortal breath
Where wit went hand in hand with song
And at the Mermaid vanquished death.

Two things he loved beyond compare
Ah ! would that both as much were mine !
That I his wit as well might share
As praise of old Canary wine !

A. HUGH FISHER.

DE PROFUNDIS

(TO A BEAUTIFUL VOICE)

Out of the deeps, O voice, out of the deeps
You call the long unwept ; and my heart weeps.

You call the long unprayed ; and my heart prays.
And the long years seem only as short days.

O marvellous voice, cease singing, cease ! O cease !
Lest my will, overcome at last—release

My Conqueror Captive. Lest I run to greet
The heart I have forbidden my heart to meet.

ALTHEA GYLES.

LITERATURE

PURITAN MANIFESTOES

Puritan Manifestoes: A Study of the Origin of the Puritan Revolt. Edited by the Rev. W. H. FRERE and the Rev. C. E. DOUGLAS. (S.P.C.K., 7s. 6d.)

ORIGINS are always both interesting and instructive, and the thanks of all students are due to Messrs. Frere and Douglas for this careful and intelligent edition of the "Admonition to the Parliament," the "Exhortation to the Bishops," the "Second Admonition to the Parliament," and various illustrative documents, including a letter from Beza to Grindal, Bishop of London. The "Admonition" was issued in secret and in defiance of all authority in

1572; the Puritans having failed to destroy the Church from within by means of Convocation, now appealed ostensibly to Parliament, in reality to their friends in the country. These tracts form, in fact, the first Puritan "platform"—as they themselves call it.

In one respect the editors seem over-sanguine. They appear to think that the popular view of the Puritans—that view which looks upon them as the very salt of the earth—will give way "before a fuller knowledge of the documents." It will do nothing of the kind. Every man who knows anything, knows that the Puritan rule in New England was, without exception, the most intolerant, superstitious, cruel, soul- and body-destroying tyranny that has ever cursed the earth. The horror of it has been distilled by Hawthorne in that most beautiful and terrible romance "The Scarlet Letter"; the facts and details of that rule have long been common property—and what child is not taught that the Pilgrim Fathers were prophets of freedom, apostles of all liberties civil and religious, men good and great, enlightened in the midst of thick darkness, worthy of a place beside the great seers and saints of the Old and New Testaments? These hangers and floggers of Quakers, these executioners of harmless old women as witches, these persecutors of every man who dared to deviate by so much as a hair's breadth from their wretched shibboleths, these creators of the horrible fetish of "the Sabbath," a festival (a devil's day, rather) that more hideously blasphemes the goodness of God, and more vilely degrades its observers, than the worst medicine-feast in the worst swamp in Africa—these were the Pilgrims of the *Mayflower*, these the canonised heroes of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Messrs. Frere and Douglas are mistaken. We shall read their excellent Introduction, we shall read the original documents and make ourselves masters of the facts—and we shall continue to talk in admiring tones of "those sturdy old Puritans," "those true makers of modern England." It is not many weeks ago since a writer in a responsible daily paper, noting that "Merry England" is no more, reminds his readers that "the England that has survived is, after all, a greater England still. It is Puritan England." No, we shall read these "Puritan Manifestoes"; and exclaim with a sigh of thankfulness that all that is best and noblest in the national character is derived from Puritanism.

And the documents themselves? Well; they are wonderful. They are wonderful for their monumental silliness and almost incredible childishness. Here is an example:

In this booke [the Book of Common Prayer] dayes are ascribed unto Saintes, and kept holy with fastes on their evenes . . . which . . . are also contrary to the commaundement of God. Six dayes shalt thou laboure, and therefore we . . . dare not subscribe to allowe them.

And again :

Metropolitane, Archbischoppe, Lordes Grace, Lorde Bishop, Suffragan, Deane, Archdeacon, Prelate of the garter, Earle, Countie Palatine, Honor, High commissioners, Justices of peace and Quorum, etc. All which, together with their offices, as they are strange and unheard of in Chrysantes church, nay playnely in God's word forbidden: so are they utterlie with speed out of the same to be removed.

Note the ingenuous character of the first citation. The Puritan was never weary of declaring that all "Legal" burdens had been removed by the Christian Dispensation—even in the 'thirties of the last century Dr. Arnold spoke of Dr. Newman and his friends as "Judaisers"—yet, when God is to be worshipped, His saints to be praised, and the poor labouring folk to rest awhile and enjoy a little harmless mirth; then our Puritan has recourse to the terrors of Sinai, and tells us that we must not keep Saints' Days because it is written: Six days shalt thou labour. It is worth while, by the way, to note the early alliance between Puritanism and Industrialism—six days shalt thou labour in our coal-mines, in our cotton-mills, in our agreeable and sanitary lead and salt and phosphorus works that we may make

vast fortunes out of thee. On the seventh day thou mayest go to Little Bethel, and when thou art worn out in our service thou canst die or go to the workhouse. Many an earnest "Christian" and more earnest manufacturer of the present day has deplored the hindrance to "business" occasioned by the Feasts of the Church.

The second extract of course is frankly imbecile. It is perfectly true that Justices of the Peace and Quorum are not mentioned in the Bible. Neither are beefsteaks, or armchairs, or spectacles, or Geneva gowns, or many other articles of common usefulness: it would be vain also to seek for notices of the House of Commons and the Lord Protector, though it would not be difficult to find some striking remarks concerning rebels and regicides. One does not argue with people who draw the most destructive conclusions from the premiss that there is nothing about Suffragans in "God's Word"; theirs is a state of mind which is fully appreciated at Earlswood, where the Idiot Asylum stands. It is amusing to note that Lord Mayors and Aldermen and Common Councilmen are not unscriptural according to this fairly exclusive reckoning; it is difficult to recall the texts which authorise the power and dignity of these great functionaries, but—it is a coincidence, no doubt—it is well known that the civic authorities of the period were strongly of the Puritan party.

The puzzle is to discover whether these people were sincere, whether they really believed in the cogency of these ridiculous "arguments." There are difficulties; but one is forced to suppose that they were in earnest, that the existence of the County Palatine seemed to them a grievous wound in the Body Ecclesiastical, a matter for martyrdom if necessary. They were sincere then, but after the mode of the gentleman who is ready to take his oath to the existence of swarms of rats and snakes in his bedroom and in his bed. The licentiate in "Don Quixote" was certain that he was Neptune, the father and god of the waters. As he said, he could rain as often as he pleased; and nothing could convince him of the falsity of his opinions. Puritanism, one imagines, is a kind of spiritual delirium, a scriptural madness, which admits of no doubts and no hesitations: the authors of these manifestoes are quite clear that it is they and their friends alone who are "godly." The unfortunate thing is, that while the gentleman who is troubled with rats and snakes is looked after, and if necessary held in strong keeping, our maniac got loose through his guardian's laxity, and has been doing frightful damage ever since. His delusions have varied in the course of centuries, he has made some odd friendships—with French atheists for example—but it would be a delicate and a difficult matter to make a comparison of demerit between the frenzies of 1572 and those of 1907. Dr. Johnson on a famous occasion declined to determine the point of precedence between two homely and familiar insects.

It would be easy enough to make a list, and a long list, and a long and most dolorous list, of the mischief that has been done by the "escaped" Puritan. Panurge would have said that the worst misfortune of all was that it was impossible any longer to get Good Wine; that this raging madman, like a wild boar from the woods, had destroyed the Vineyard. Perhaps it would be difficult to find a better definition to cover the general extent of the Puritan's depredations; one might say also that by his means everything has been made common and unclean, so that it has become the Englishman's natural and unaffected instinct to shrink back with terror and disgust from whatever is beautiful. More specifically; let us first read the Missal or the Book of Common Prayer, and then turn to the prayers of our modern Puritans. A week or two ago a well-known Dissenting paper gave the following as the model prayer of "a sympathetic old saint":

Give our minister wisdom, heavenly wisdom, Lord, not too much of the other kind, and O Lord, do teach us that we mustn't expect him to know everything.

And on the other side :

Suplices te rogamus, omnipotens Deus : jube haec perferri per manus sancti Angeli tui in sublime altare tuum, in conspectu divinae maiestatis tue.

The man in the Eastern story was sad indeed when he found that in truth it had been nothing but a splendid dream, that so far from his being the glorious Commander of the Faithful, he was a poor beggar in a hovel.

And, the especial damage to Religion (which is the very highest of the Arts, the Queen and Mistress of them all) on one side; what do we find in architecture, in painting, in sculpture, in literature? Tangibly, visibly, immediately, we find that the stories annealed in glass have been shattered into dust so that the poor man can no longer look as he kneels into a world of mystery and glowing splendour; for him no more the dyed vesture of the martyrs, the joys of Paradise, the triumph of the Archangel, the symbol of the Great Sacrifice. His shining picture gallery is gone: let him go to meeting and be a "sympathetic old saint" and ask the Lord to give his minister a little sense. Down is the great Rood, the carven Holy Water Vat serves as a trough for pigs, the statues of the saints are broken—still, we have Manchester to make up for the loss of all these things. This is the tangible and concrete damage; the artist knows how much deeper and more destructive is the inward abomination of desolation which distils itself into his palette or his inkpot, which becomes a voice, whispering to him that the beautiful works of God are in reality the works of the Devil, which says :

Abandon your idea of symbolising Beauty by that naked form. The nude is not nice, moreover it is not suitable for young girls. Instead of that horrid thing, paint a picture of a Little Girl, a Persian Cat, and a Fox Terrier; or if you must be daring, there is Mrs. Biederstein of South Africa—you can paint her in evening dress.

This is Puritanism, which is, of course, but the other face of Lechery, the *hortator et armiger* of all that is foul and bestial in man, filling him with the poison of a strange delirium, driving him forth from the palace where he was born, which is his by eternal right, and causing him, like Nebuchadnezzar, to consort with beasts, to eat their putrid meat and to drink their deadly drink, to wallow with them in their filth and their impurities. The witnesses are many: Maxim Gorki has given his experiences of a virtuous Puritan society, acting in direct succession from the Pilgrim Fathers; he, the Russian Revolutionist, has declared that never had he dreamed of such horrors, of such utter loath-someness as he witnessed in the streets of New York. And Mr. Wells and Mr. Bart Kennedy can hardly be described as fierce and bigoted reactionaries; yet their report is the same as the report of the Russian: the country of the Pilgrim Fathers is a land of horror and thick darkness such as the world in all its history has never known before. America boasts of its Puritanism in the past and in the present; it boasts that in its territories the principles of the Puritans have had free play, without the fetters of Aristocracy, or Monarchy, or an Established Church.

And the result? "Hell with the lid off," according to a well-known Radical politician.

But of course, Elizabeth and Laud and Charles were bigots and tyrants, and Puritanism is the root of all that is best in the English character.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF SWIFT'S CHARACTER

The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift. 12 vols. Edited by TEMPLE SCOTT. Illustrated. Bohn's Standard Library. (Bell, 5s. each volume.)

In the Works of Jonathan Swift, newly presented under the capable editorship of Mr. Temple Scott, we have an edition of the prose writings of the great Dean of St.

Patrick's satisfactory alike to the scholar, the student, and the lover of literature. Here we have Swift the prince of satirists, the first of journalists, the political pamphleteer whose genius rose above party, and the leader of public opinion in Ireland, as well as the keen critic of religion and men and manners. But of all the volumes, surely the most fascinating is that which contains the "Journal to 'Stella,'" for in it we get near to Swift the man, and it is the man more than the author that interests us most, and yields the most profitable study.

The cardinal mistake made by the majority of Swift's critics is in clothing the man with the garb of the author, thereby hiding from themselves the pulsations of a heart which was never worn on the sleeve. The wail of anguish that broke from him when "Stella" died could have come only from one who loved intensely. When those eyes that in life watched for our coming, and brightened when we came, are closed in death, when the tongue that bade us welcome is stilled for ever, and the hand that clasped ours in warm greeting is cold with the cold of death, then there sinks into our hearts a sense of the magnitude of what we have lost, which no power on earth can give us back, and knowing how he loved her we can realise that Swift felt very lonely and desolate when Esther Johnson died.

How much he loved her can in some measure be gleaned from the "Journal to 'Stella,'" the most amazing piece of illuminative literature to be found in any language. Never intended for other eyes but hers, it is the one of all his works with which we could not willingly bring ourselves to part. The circumstances of its writing testify to his real love. There is not in all the wide domain of literature, ancient or modern, another instance of such ever-present recollection of the absent loved one as is shown in those prattling letters, of which so soon as one was finished another was begun, so that, as a sympathetic writer has beautifully expressed it, he might feel as if he had never let go her hand. If there is really any mystery surrounding their connection it is insoluble; but the fact would appear to be that Swift wanted only affection and companionship; in his own words: "a reasonable companion and a true friend through every stage of his life." That he loved her with a far deeper and truer love than that which most men have for the women they marry is abundantly evident. He had no desire for progeny; if she had, as most women have, he did her a grievous and cruel wrong. That evil tongues wagged is of no importance. "The world's charity," as Matthew Arnold well says, "does not err on the side of excess." And Forster observes that it was not a sorrowful destiny either for her life or her memory for "Stella" to be the "star" to such a man as Swift. That she was a woman of remarkable powers of mind and a companion in every way suited for Swift is clear, for he tells us that

though it has come in my way to converse with persons of the first rank and of that sex more than is usual to men of my level, and of our function, yet I have nowhere met with an humour, a wit, or conversation so agreeable, a better portion of good sense, or a truer judgment of men and things.

He called her "Stella" because she was his "star," the light of his life; and when she died that light was quenched, and the shadows deepened around him.

There can be but little doubt that it was to escape from the desolation that threatened to overwhelm him that he plunged with such ferocity into the sea of satire. *Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiae fuit.* The slumbering misanthropy of his disposition took stronger possession of him, and after urging Pope to "give the world one lash the more" for him, he took the whip into his own hands and applied it with unsparing vigour. "I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities," he wrote to Pope, upon whose friendship he loved to lean;

all my love is toward individuals; for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love counsellor such-a-one, and judge such-a-one: it is

so with physicians (I will not speak of my own trade), soldiers, English, Scotch, French and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man; although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas and so forth.

That he formed a low estimate of mankind is mainly their own fault, for the spectacle daily afforded by our fellow creatures is so little calculated to excite rapture, that who can wonder that Swift with his quick and haughty temper and consciousness of commanding intellect should empty his scorn upon them? "Expect no more from man than such an animal is capable of," he said to his friend, Dr. Sheridan, "and you will every day find my description of Yahoos more resembling." And writing to Pope, in the letter from which I have already quoted, he exclaims: "If the world had but a dozen Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my travels!" Although the product of an enforced and accidental temper, "Gulliver's Travels" is the brightest gem in a literary crown that is studded with many brilliants, conspicuous amongst which is the "Tale of a Tub" which astonished its author in his old age: "What a genius I had when I wrote that book!" he was heard to exclaim one day, when the shadows were deepening around him, as he sat and turned its pages.

Genius the most original and unique could alone have produced these two works and very much of all that came between them. As he owed nothing to any other writer, nothing is more emphatically his own than his beautiful style, so easily contemporary with all time. Minerva-like it sprang into being fully formed, as perfect in his first work as in his last. We cannot withhold our admiration for his manner no matter how much we may dislike some of his matter, and in many cases it is hard to acquit him of the *amor immunditiae*.

It matters little what were the motives that stirred him to throw himself with such vigour into the cause of justice to Ireland. The protection of the weak from the oppression of the strong is none the less meritorious whether the inspiring motive be contemptuous pity for the one or hatred of the other.

The bold stand he made for Ireland, combined with a knowledge of his real charity and large generosity have given him a place in the affections of the Irish people which nothing is powerful to disturb. The people of Ireland are tenacious of many things in the history of their country, but there are few memories that they treasure more dearly than the memory of the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of Swift.

If the happy life is that into which the most illusions enter Swift was at a disadvantage, for he had absolutely no illusions; but he had a nature formed for friendship, and the friends he made he retained. Like Wolsey he was:

Lofty and Sour to them that loved him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as Summer.

Amongst his friends he numbered the best and worthiest men of his time. Addison found him "an agreeable companion and a true friend," and Bolingbroke "loved him for a thousand things." "Remember me," he writes to the Duchess of Queensberry, "among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage and generosity." And writing to Gay from Dublin, in 1723, he observes, "The best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England; there I made my friendships, and there I left my desires." And seven years later he writes to the same friend, "different circumstances of life have always separated those whom friendship will join. God hath taken care of this to prevent any progress toward real happiness here, which would make life more desirable and death too dreadful."

When he found that his legitimate ambitions were not to be realised he retired to his deanery, to find in his ecclesiastical duties that essential occupation for his mind which, he tells us, was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if unemployed. Now, more than ever, he found the solace of friendship; and that he might not be

altogether bereft of the delights of intellectual society, his correspondence with those he loved in England was frequent and lengthy.

While thus looking to his friends in England to save him from despair, he was not without consideration of those he had nearer to him. His manners in society were free, lively, and engaging, not devoid of peculiarities, but he bent them so well to circumstances that his company was greatly courted. His extended and varied acquaintance with life and manners together with his shrewd and satirical humour seasoned his conversation, which was unrivalled by any of his contemporaries, and around and about which much that is apocryphal has, of course, gathered; but we are assured, and can well believe, that no matter how much mirth the sallies of his wit aroused, no laughter ever relaxed his stern and haughty countenance.

I never wake [he tells Bolingbroke] without finding life a more insignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then all on a sudden dropping into the present.

"*Parsque est meminisse doloris.*"

His real affection for Bolingbroke led him to open his mind very freely to him. He prays God to forgive those by whose indolence, neglect, or want of friendship, he is reduced to live with twenty leagues of salt water between them. "I live a country life in town," he tells him, "see nobody [worth seeing], and go every day once to prayers, and hope in a few months to grow as stupid as the present situation of affairs will require."

"Well, after all," he exclaims, "parsons are not such bad company, especially when they are under subjection; and I let none but such come near me."

The scorn for his surroundings which finds utterance in those letters Swift was at no pains to conceal. He who had shared the counsels of Secretaries of State, even lecturing them when he had a mind to, and commanded a great lady to sing for him; who had left Congreve, and Pope, and Gay behind him, could have only contempt for the society to be found in Dublin. Being, however, essentially a man of action, he was not one to sit at home and rail at mankind from his hearthstone. A freeman among slaves, he resolved to rouse them from their lethargy, and show them that by self-reliance and strenuous efforts they could regain their dignity and much of their independence.

When he had himself acquired that independence which in his youth he had resolved upon, one of his first acts was to institute a fund for granting small loans to industrious artisans and tradesmen who could give security for repayment by small weekly instalments. By insisting upon the strictest punctuality in these repayments, he taught a valuable lesson in thrift which in many instances led to prosperity. While thus training the workers to help themselves, the really poor never stretched out their hands to him in vain; and for those who might be stricken as he apprehended he himself would be, he provided an institution which is a melancholy perpetuation of his name.

In his own special province, the Church, he presented an example not altogether unworthy of imitation. That he was not one of those who, in Milton's words:

for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold,

is proved by the fact that it was only when Sir William Temple's offer of a secretaryship placed him above want, that he decided upon taking orders, although his earliest bent was in that direction. Besides going every day once to prayers, a function which he invested with sufficient solemnity, he read prayers every day to his servants in private and so unobtrusively that his friend, Doctor Delany, was on one occasion his guest for six months before he became aware of the practice. All ostentation and mere outward seeming were abhorrent to Swift: "I

hate Lent," he told Stella, "and sour, devout faces of people who only put on religion for seven weeks." That he felt the real necessity of religion, for its restraining influence if for nothing else, is evinced by him on many occasions. "Half the pains which some men take to be damned would have compassed their salvation." Much of his writing relating to religion, though open to misconstruction, had the laudable object of clearing away cant which was specially obnoxious to his virile mind.

A Churchman to the backbone, neither politics nor letters could detach him from his order; and if the "Tale of a Tub" lost him a bishopric the alleged fears as to his orthodoxy were in reality doubts as to his pliability, for tractableness is not without its advantages, even in a bishop. The venality of some of his predecessors aroused his wrath; and he always sternly repelled any attempt at encroachment on the privileges of his office, opening his mind with sufficient plainness to archbishop and bishop alike when he conceived the occasion to demand it.

When his mother died (he was then in his forty-third year) he wrote in his pocket-book: "If the way to heaven be through piety, truth, justice, and charity, she is there." And these qualities, without reference to the first, he himself possessed in an ascending degree. Filial affection must always count for much, and he loved his mother with the whole strength of his nature. Can we not divine that her love was not without its influence, however secret and hidden, in chastening in some degree his tempestuous temperament?

Skill in "reading the torn manuscripts of the human soul" is of scant assistance to us in studying Swift. He is, as the Germans would say, *der Einzige*, and ordinary standards of conduct, or theories as to motives, are of little avail in the effort to form a judgment of his character, a task made doubly difficult by the success with which he hid so much from every human eye. With some men the warp and woof of character and destiny seem so strangely tangled that life becomes for them a sustained and inevitable conflict, and Swift was doomed to be the protagonist in what proved to be a tragedy.

As we read the famous epitaph on the cathedral wall, and then turning our eyes westward behold the tomb of Esther Johnson ("Stella") the consciousness of this tragedy transcends all else, and awes us into silence.

LE PRINCE DES HISTORIENS"

New Classical Library. Edited by Dr. EMIL REICH. *The Annals of Tacitus*. Books xi. to xvi. Translated by AUBREY V. SYMONDS. (Swan Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a very different kind of work from the last translation in this series received by us. Mr. Symonds is a good scholar, a careful student of the text, and a tasteful writer. The difficulties to be faced by an English translator of Tacitus are so widely recognised as to be almost proverbial. If one strives to achieve the conciseness of the Roman historian, some of the salt of his epigrammatic finish is sure to evaporate; the style becomes not graphic but telegraphic, and, whereas dignity is its strongest characteristic, it begins to suggest undignified compositions like *Punch's* "Essence of Parliament." M. Dureau de la Malle, who gave to Tacitus the title which we prefix to our review, the most famous of the French translators, says that many capable critics and distinguished writers among his countrymen had regarded the production of a really good version of Tacitus in French as an impossibility. Yet French affords a far better vehicle for Tacitus than English. Professor Ramsay, who has given us an admirable rendering of *Annals* i. to vi., tells us that the late Lord Blackburn had read all the versions of Tacitus on which he could lay his hands, and that not one of them had helped him to understand why Tacitus should be called a great writer at all.

We think to speak thus is to go too far. Church and Brodrribb are often felicitous enough, and the version before us cannot be said to fail to reproduce some of the aroma of the original. To illustrate this we will quote some of those sententious generalisations so characteristic of the author, which occur within the scope of the present version. There will always be a good many more words in the English than in the Latin, but this arises to some extent from the comparatively uninflated condition of the English tongue. The two first are good examples of the historian's brevity:

Benignitati deum gratiam referendam ne ritus sacrorum inter ambigua culti per prospera oblitterarentur (xi. 15).

Gratitude should be shown for the goodness of Heaven by seeing to it that sacred rites practised in the days of adversity were not forgotten in the days of prosperity.

Visui consuluit ne coram interficeret (xii. 15).
He spared his own eyes the sight of the murder.

Ariprinna libertam aemulam, nurum ancillam, aliaque eundem in modum muliebriter fremere; neque poenitentiam filii aut satietatem opperiri (xiii. 13).

Ariprinna burst into hysterical recriminations, complaining bitterly that a freed-woman was her rival, that a maid-servant was her daughter-in-law, and more to the same effect; she would not wait until her son should either repent of his folly or grow sick with satiety. [Better: she would not wait for her son to be sorry or sated.]

Nihil rerum mortalium tam instabile ac fluxum est quam fama potentiae non sua vi nixae (xiii. 19).

There is nothing in the world so illusory and so fleeting as the reputation which is not based on the reality of power.

Fovebant multi quibus nova et anicipitia praecolere avida et plenimque fallax ambitio est (xiv. 22).

His claims were advocated by many of those who are impelled by selfish and generally short-sighted motives to be the first to embrace every new and doubtful cause.

Initia magistratum nostrorum meliora ferme finis inclinat (xv. 21).

The commencement of our tenure of office is generally the better, while the closing period degenerates.

Nisi si cupido dominandi cunctis affectibus flagrantior est (xv. 53).

Unless, indeed, we are to hold that the lust for power is stronger than all affections.

In xiii. 1. *quod tunc spectaretur*, the force of the subjunctive is not brought out. The connection of Silanus with the house of the Cæsars was a thing "which one would naturally expect to be taken into account in the circumstances": Mr. Symonds renders "the important qualification, as it was at that time considered." In the next chapter "the pitfalls of his age" is very happy for *lubricam principis actatem*. It seems to us that there is a more subtle sense than is usually recognised in the "witty exclamation" of Nero (xiii. 14), *ire Pallantem ut ejuraret*:

So exasperated was Nero with all who supported the woman's arrogant behaviour, that he deprived Pallas of the various offices entrusted to him by Claudius, which had practically given him supreme control over the destinies of the Empire. It was currently reported that, on seeing the former minister leaving the Palace surrounded by a huge retinue of dependants, Nero wittily exclaimed that Pallas was going to abdicate.

But where is the wit or point in the remark that Pallas was going to abdicate? It seems to us that *Pallantem* is the accusative after, not before, *ire*. Pallas had "various offices" which gave him great influence. The emperor wittily calls this "his Pallaship," and says that Pallas is going to resign it on the analogy of *ejurare magistratum* (xii. 4).

Neither Church and Brodrribb, nor Mr. Symonds have exactly caught the meaning of xiii. 41, *fin*, though the former are nearer. It is:

There ought to be another classification of days, viz., days festal but also fit for business.

Oportere dividi sacros et negotiosos dies quis divina colerent et humana non impeditent.

In xiii. 50, *fin*. there is a difficult passage:

Reliqua mox ita provisa ut ratio quaestuum et necessitas erogationum inter se congrueret.

Mr. Symonds gives:

Subsequent arrangements had been made merely with the object of making receipts and expenditure balance.

Was not the arrangement one by which the calculation of the profits amassed by the *societates* should keep pace with the compulsory taxes?

The fourteenth book has a thoroughly characteristic Tacitean passage (xiv. 64)—the death of Octavia—which we must quote:

And so this poor girl, only in her twentieth year, was surrounded by centurions and soldiers, and already virtually robbed of life by the presentiment of her cruel fate. But she could not yet find repose in death. After a respite of a few days she received orders to die. In vain she protested that she was now only a woman without a husband and nothing but a sister to Nero. In vain she spoke of the Germanici, their common ancestors, and lastly of Agrippina, in whose lifetime, unhappy though she had been in her marriage, she had at any rate not been threatened with destruction. She was released from her chains, and the veins in every limb were opened; and as her blood was driven back to her heart by terror and so flowed too slowly, she was plunged in a boiling hot bath, and so put to death. Finally, as a climax to this ruthless barbarity, her head was cut off and brought to Rome for Poppaea to see: while thank-offerings were voted for the temples of the gods. I have purposely recorded this last circumstance, in order that, whoever has made a study of this period from my own or any other author's pages, may take this much for granted, that whenever exile or murder was ordered by the Emperor, thanks were rendered to the gods, and that what in time past was a token of some successful enterprise was now a token of some public disaster. At the same time I will not pass over in silence any measure adopted by the Senate which signalled a novel experiment in sycophancy or the extreme limit of servile submission.

Much might be written on the way in which the language of the great Latin Historian was affected by the great Latin Poet, Virgil. It is such a salient feature in his style that a parallel from Virgil is a better support for a Tacitean reading than one from any prose author. Another characteristic is his passion for variety of expression no less than for conciseness. His use of the auto-biographical memoirs of Agrippina (mother of Nero) throws some doubt on his trustworthiness. Yet a comparison of his account of the career of Galba and Otho with Plutarch's would seem to show that he made a fair use of the materials at his disposal.

We will conclude with the admirable description of that crowning instance of reckless profligacy (xi. 31) the marriage of Messalina, the wife of the Emperor Claudius, with Silius:

Claudius, it is generally agreed, was so overwhelmed with terror that he repeatedly asked: "Am I the Emperor? Is Silius the subject?"

Meanwhile Messalina, more wanton and abandoned than ever, was celebrating at home a representation of the vintage; for it was now the middle of autumn. The presses were at work: the vats were overflowing with must: the women clad in fawnskins leapt and danced like Bacchantes at their rites or in their frenzy. Messalina with flowing locks shook the thyrsus, while Silius lay at her side, crowned with a garland of ivy, with buskins on his legs, tossing his head in time with some lascivious chorus. It is said that Vettius Valens in his wild gaiety climbed into a tall tree, and, on being asked what he could see, replied, "A terrible storm coming from Ostia." [The Emperor was at Ostia.] Possibly there were actual indications of such a storm on the horizon, or it may be that a careless word became a prophecy.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

ILLUSIONISM AND ILLUSION

Roman Sculpture. By MRS. ARTHUR STRONG, LL.D. (London: Duckworth; New York: Scribner's Sons, 10s. net.)

THE apple of discord was the gift of the queen of beauty. Perhaps that is why the surest way of raising contention among critics is to start a discussion concerning the meaning and limitations of the word "art." And when the art concerned is classical art—Greek or Roman or both (especially both)—confusion is worse confounded, for archæologists are seldom artistic and always argumentative. Every one of them is a Procrustes, and the "standard" of his pet period is the bed by whose measure he lops his victim.

Mrs. Arthur Strong appears before us in the Thesean rôle, though, perhaps, in her fervid enthusiasm for things Roman, she might resent the description. But at least she will permit us to say that she has a mission and a

grievance—by the way, so had Theseus; the two possessions are almost inseparable.

Mrs. Strong has one advantage over the obscure youth from Troezen: she is not obscure. Her work is well known, and a lively appreciation of beauty comes to the aid of her undoubted archæological equipment, making her more capable of discerning and displaying the æsthetic and technical development of an art than many whose names carry equal weight in the same field.

But we must not be accused of unfashionable sentiments, or of perpetrating mere personalities, if we suggest that she suffers somewhat from a characteristic quality of her sex—enthusiasm—a quality which has led her into a state of mind which we may describe as the antithesis of the "*umgekehrte Ungerechtigkeit*" which she condemns in the modern archæologist. Mrs. Strong's unfairness is anything but orthodox; it is unfairness none the less.

With reference to the tendency to judge Roman art by Greek standards, Mrs. Strong writes:

The modern scholar and archæologist . . . refuses to consider development, which is life, and while preaching that Roman art is only an imitation of the Greek, yet refuses it merit because it departs from "Grecian rules" derived from arbitrary preference for one special period of Greek art. . . . It is obvious that this one-sided attitude, which claims perfection for the art of Greece, and denies even merit to that of Rome, has been fostered in England by the narrow curriculum of the older universities, where the word "classical" is restricted to a tithe of the remains of classical antiquity, and subjects of study are called dangerous or unprofitable which have not yet been included among the "subjects of examination." Such a scheme is not likely to find a place for Roman art, which only becomes of paramount importance in the historic chain in the second century after Christ—that is, some hundred years after the period which to the Oxford and Cambridge "don," marks the utmost limit to which classical studies may be carried with advantage.

What have the Oxford and Cambridge "dons" done to offend Mrs. Strong that she should thus rage and imagine a vain thing? Are we to believe that her enthusiasm for Teutonic archæology has nothing to do with this diatribe? The opening words of her next paragraph make the suspicion a certainty; and the pitfalls of hero-worship gape. "Abroad, however"—that complacent "however"!—are those words, and the names of Professor Wickhoff and Alois Riegl are hurled at the hide-bound English don.

To some extent Mrs. Strong's strictures have their foundation. English archæologists have had their hands full for close on a century with Hellenic archæology and research. Elgin, Leake, Newton, Penrose, though they belong to the earlier days of reconstructive archæology, built gloriously on the foundations unearthed by Winckelmann, and Mr. Evans and Mr. Bosanquet, to mention only two, have contributed at least as much as Schliemann to the material for research in the prehistoric strata of Greek history. Nor are English archæologists without their peculiar merits. As a whole they are purer archæologists—less cramped by preconceived notions than their German *confrères*. For Schliemann was an enthusiast, and Dr. Dörpfeld is an architect: in both the scholar is a subsidiary part—an accident of environment. Moreover, the range of archæological activity is largely a matter of national temperament, and the Teutonic mind, it seems to the present writer, is more adaptable to Roman methods of thought than is the English to Greek.

Be that as it may, we cannot but feel that Mrs. Strong's scorn for English University methods is born largely of ignorance, not a little of prejudice: and we have devoted some considerable amount of attention to her introductory chapter, lest the wording of her tardy tribute to the work of Mr. Wace and Mr. Stuart Jones, of the British School at Rome, should convey the false impression among the less well informed of her readers that Roman art is entirely neglected at the Universities. The study of that art is not meat for babes, for the art itself has none of the intrinsic simplicity of Greek art: on the technical side it is derived, not from natural inspiration, but from sources, already developed and decadent, with which the slenderest stream of indigenous genius is mingled. It is for this

reason that the English Universities do not include its later phases in their "curriculum"—wisely, we think, for the beginning is the best point at which to begin. And if, as Mrs. Strong contends with Wickhoff, Rome added to the simple principles of Greek sculpture others more complex—"illusionism" and *chiaroscuro*—it is surely well that Roman sculpture should not be studied till the principles of the older art are grasped, more or less.

The most casual glance at the extant monuments of Roman art will be sufficient to prove that the objects of the Roman artist are illustration and ornament, rather than creation. If in the course of attaining these objects he evolves from Hellenic prototypes, a Roman type or style, it is no more and no less than we should naturally expect from a Roman. And after all, this is the most that Mrs. Strong can claim for Roman art, if we are right in our interpretation of the strange phrase:

Roman art, whatever its origins, eventually developed a profoundly original character.

Mrs. Strong's account of Roman sculpture begins with the Augustan age, and the Ara Pacis takes up the majority of her first chapter. Here the affinity between Roman sculpture and that of the "Hellenistic reliefs" is too strong to be overlooked, especially in the case of the beautiful slabs from either side of the west entrance. The slabs from the eastern end in some cases are more reminiscent of the real Hellenic spirit, while the north and south sides recall the slower-moving portions of the Parthenon frieze in their simple grouping of draped figures. But this very variety of type, with its lack of cohesion among the parts, supports Mrs. Strong in her well-made point, that Augustan sculpture was not a finished and academic art, but rather a groping and blind use of the, as yet, unappreciated heritage of Greece.

Where the Roman finds himself is in his treatment of conventional decoration. The inner and lower friezes of the Ara Pacis are exquisitely ingenious—and ineffably dull: so truly Roman is this art.

It is rather a relief to turn to the Flavian period; the Roman has had time to develop his own peculiar fancy, with the result that we are no longer obliged to contemplate a faltering Hellenism. There is nothing uncertain about the exquisite "Rose-Pillar" of the Lateran, which deserves every word of the eulogy heaped upon it by Wickhoff, though we cannot quite follow him in his discovery of "illusionism" here. The whole composition is frankly decorative, though it hovers between naturalism and conventionality. More Hellenistic, and so, less satisfactory, is the ornament of acanthus and lions from the Forum, while the pilaster in the Crypt of St. Peter's, with its tangle of animal and vegetable forms, fails utterly to convey any idea beyond the desire to cover a space. Artistically it is on a level with the linear designs of the prehistoric Cyclades: its sole superiority lies in its technique and mastery of material.

Of the medallions on the arch of Constantine undoubtedly the finest is the lion-hunt, which in the dignity of its figures and grouping recalls the group of Capitoline gods on the arch of Beneventum. The medallions are rightly ascribed to Flavian times, and there is no doubt that they represent the artistic high-water mark of Rome; for, in addition to masterly execution, they still possess the quality of restraint which is so sadly lacking in the Trajanic period, when the quality which Wickhoff has rendered attractive under the name of illusionism makes headway at the expense of all sense of fitness to the almost invariably architectural environment of Roman sculpture. The arch of Beneventum seems to represent the last trench of a restrained and honest relief sculpture: all that follows is based upon a disregard of the tactile, an exaltation of illusion.

What is this boasted "illusionism," this "tridimensional" relief, which Mrs. Strong regards as the great contribution of Rome to the development of European

art? So far as we can analyse it, it seems to consist of the substitution of a spatial for a tactile background. Naturally the query arises at once—is it Roman and is it art?

Firstly, is it Roman? If it is, genuinely Hellenic examples will not exist. But surely the Centauromachia of the Olympia pediment disregards both "frontality"—save in the case of the central figure—and the tactile background, in striking contrast to the aggressive frontality of the sculptures ranged in the companion pediment of the same temple. Or, if it be contended that sculpture in the round does not afford a fair example, may we not cite the Parthenon frieze itself? True, illusionism is not paramount here. The tactile background exists and is acknowledged: but the receding planes, so delicately graduated as to produce an impression of depth without destroying the structural value of the frieze may, we think, be taken as representing the very best form of illusionism. And secondly, is it art? The tridimensional relief which Mrs. Strong and Professor Wickhoff regard as the highest expression of Roman genius, does not stop short of the complete annihilation of the tactile background, substituting for it depths of shadow which suggest that the action is continued behind the visible figures, as in the case of the sarcophagus, ornamented with the battle of Romans and Barbarians, in the Museo delle Terme, identified by Mrs. Strong with the period of Claudius Gothicus (270 A.D.). This marvellous welter of human figures is a masterpiece of composition, in which the whole action revolves about the central figure of the mounted Emperor, and Mrs. Strong is quite right in deprecating the application of the term *pictorialism* to such sculpture, for its very essence lies in the suggestion of a spatial background. These sarcophagus sculptures form a most interesting series, in which is included what is perhaps the noblest effort of Roman art, the sarcophagus on which is depicted Achilles at the court of Lycomedes. The grace and vigour of the forms, in which restraint and variety are happily contrived, place it above the two sarcophagi in the Lateran, "the Slaughter of the Niobids" and "The Vengeance of Orestes." In all three of these, however, the illusionism is not absolute. There is some acknowledgment of a real background in the grouping of the figures. The last-named piece is worthy of especial note, as being a brilliant example of the "continuous" or "narrative" style of art which Rome handed down to the painters of early Christian Italy, and which constitutes the very essence of the great "continuous" compositions of the Trajanic and Aurelian columns. The figure of Orestes appears three times in a single composition, before the tragedy, at the actual moment, and after it is over, so that the whole story is told in a single picture without any attempt at "isolation."

Mrs. Strong's chapter on Roman Portraiture is most illuminating: the general tendency to over-identification of portraits is carefully avoided, and her comparison of the features of Marcus Aurelius and Commodus shows keen perception of character in its modifications. However, we cannot agree that the head commonly called that of Christ, found at Athens, and now in the Central Museum, is of the period of Commodus. We should place it a full seventy years earlier and should be inclined to describe it as a head of Dionysos. There is in the expression a depth and nobility of sentiment for which we may seek in vain in the features of Marcus Aurelius, whose character Mrs. Strong sums up so delightfully, or in the sensuous beauty of Commodus. And there is, further, a strength and directness in the handling of the material which is quite different from the niggling smoothness of the Antonine period.

Mrs. Strong uses the right word when she describes the Constantinian sculpture as "archaic." For the perfect freedom of workmanship had been slipping away from Roman hands ever since the days of Hadrian, and, by the time of the first Christian emperor's reign, was gone for

ever. It was not the desire for art but the ability to produce it which had decayed. As the origin of Roman sculpture had been almost wholly Hellenic, at any rate in the matter of technical method, so it was not until that Hellenic element had been forgotten and lost, that a wholly indigenous art began to develop. And its development culminated suddenly, after centuries of torpor, in the Italian Renaissance, which was in fact the first full fruition of a purely indigenous art in Italy.

We have criticised this book somewhat closely because it has interested us deeply. Mrs. Strong is a vigorous critic and will not shun criticism. The book is more than a valuable addition to the literature of Roman art. It is practically the first book in this language to give a wide conspectus of the scope and aims of Roman sculpture, and should do much to encourage the "dons" on whom the authoress pours her scorn to introduce to their pupils a phase of archaeology which they themselves have been able to appreciate through the medium of the "difficult" books to which she makes such frequent and telling reference. The great number and excellence of the illustrations, especially those of the Trajan column, should render it of great value to the elementary student, while the close and careful reasoning of the text will afford much food for reflection to those who may count themselves fellow workers with Mrs. Strong in the domain of archaeology.

INTERESTING MEMOIRS

Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne, 1781-1814. Edited from the original Manuscript by M. CHARLES NICOLLAUD. (Heinemann, 10s. net.)

THESE memoirs are exactly what memoirs should be—to be of value and interest. No attempt is made to write history; there is nothing pretentious about them, nothing dull. A great misfortune fell upon a brilliant lady, whose salon in her day had a European reputation: the brilliant lady had lived through times of extraordinary interest; the past years of her youth became more living to her than sorrow allowed the present to be. So she began to write down her memories of this past youth that her nephews might read the account of her life and perhaps learn something of life itself from her experience. "If I had been obliged to undertake any researches elsewhere than in my memory I should have given up my project, for I desired a distraction and not a laborious work. Hence if my nephews should ever glance at these writings they must not expect to find a book, but merely the chatter of an old woman. . . . I regard the result of no more importance than a piece of fancy work. I have successively used my pen to rest my needle, and my needle to rest my pen, and my heirs will receive my manuscript as they might receive an old armchair." So writes the Comtesse de Boigne.

There is an element of sadness in the memories of a dead lady's life, especially when she belonged to a time which is recent enough to be remembered, and of which the very nearness yet seems to make it more remote. There is pathos too in the history of the manuscript as there was pathos in its production. Death plays too prominent a part.

When the Comtesse de Boigne was fifty-four years old she lost by a terrible accident a child of fourteen, whom she had been bringing up for twelve years, and whom she loved as a mother.

After this catastrophe the saddest hours of my sad days were those which I had been wont to spend in developing a keen and youthful mind. . . . I attempted to cheat my grief with this task, undertaken during the painful moments which had once been pleasantly employed. . . . The following pages are the result of these efforts, and their object was to drive away the thoughts which I could hardly bear.

Begun in this manner, as so many memoirs are begun, to turn the mind from brooding on calamity, the work laid its kind hold upon her and she was able to keep herself fresh

and alive to old age by living again through the happy stirring days of her youth. And the work developed and she carried it on to the time in which she was living as she wrote; she was able to watch and live in the present with the strange peace of aloofness that memory is able to lend to the past; she lived, as it were, through the medium of her work. She lost the personal anguish of things, without losing her interest in life. In this way, as the brave among men and women are wont to do, she turned necessity to gain. There is sadness, too, in the history of the manuscript itself. The Comtesse de Boigne, *née* Charlotte Louise Eleonore Adélaïde d'Osmond, loved her name, as well she might. And she was childless. From the company of her nephews and nieces she chose her grand-nephew Osmond, who became the Marquis d'Osmond, to be her heir. He was ten years old in 1866 when she died. He came into the possessions which she left him in August 1881, in accordance with the terms of the will on his twenty-fifth birthday. With his intimate friend M. Charles Nicollaud, the present editor, he found the manuscript volumes; there were cogent reasons for delay in giving them to the world. For twenty-five years they remained in the possession of M. Nicollaud, to whom the Marquis d'Osmond entrusted them. During that time death was busy among the family, and the Marquis d'Osmond himself at length died. "The family name is extinct. The estate of Osmond has been sold piecemeal. The castle has passed into other hands and the archives are dispersed."

But into the memoirs themselves no trace of this sadness has penetrated. What is most apparent, is the keenness of intellect and insight of the *grande dame* who writes them. Always it is the *grande dame*, the royalist, who recognises her prejudices and who cannot help feeling pride in them. She makes no attempt to be impartial: she records what she saw and she gives her own opinion of men and of matters. Whether she is picturing the strange society of the *émigrés* in London, or the last days of the Court at Versailles; or the bivouac of Cossacks in the Champs Elysées at the Restoration: whether she is describing the eccentricities of Sir John Legard, with whom her family stayed in Yorkshire, or summing up the character of such notables as Chateaubriand, or Talleyrand, or Madame de Staél or the Emperor Alexander—her point of view is always marked by a kind of strong shrewdness, which can pierce below the surface, and by a distinction which is at ease with greatness without ever becoming familiar. The attitude is exactly expressed in the description of the *salons* in the Tuileries, where the ladies of the Empire met the ladies of the old Court after the return of Monsieur.

There is a certain ease, a certain freedom in the manner of women of good society which gives them the appearance of being at home everywhere and of doing the honours wherever they may be. Women of the other class are often shocked at this, consequently the pettinesses and the little jealousies of the *bourgeoises* were stirred beneath the jewels which adorned their breasts.

The memoirs of a woman of this kind, who lived through all the upheavals of the Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration, must be of supreme interest and value. The translation is good. And the notes which the editor, M. Nicollaud, has appended are always to the point and expressed with admirable clearness. The present volume contains the first instalment only of the memoirs. The second volume, bringing the narrative to the Revolution of 1830, is in preparation, and a third will continue the story down to the fall of Louis Philippe.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Collectanea. Second Series. By CHARLES CRAWFORD. (Stratford-on-Avon: The Shakespeare Head Press, 3s. 6d. net.)

THE most immediately effective part of Mr. Crawford's second series is that dealing with the Shakespeare-Bacon

question. It occupies more than half the volume, and takes the form of replies to the arguments of Mrs. Henry Pott and of Dr. R. M. Theobald, whose "Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light" claims for Bacon not only Shakespeare but all Marlowe and a good deal of Chapman, much as Mrs. Henry Pott had claimed (*inter alia plurima*) the whole of Montaigne's Essays, besides Shakespeare, for her idol. Mr. Crawford avoids cryptograms, cyphers and so forth, for which he admits he has no head; and devotes himself in scholarly manner to the patient refutation of arguments.

Our readers will be aware that one of the Baconians' sheet-anchors is the "Promus of Formularies"—Bacon's commonplace book—part of which exists in manuscript, mainly in Bacon's handwriting, in the British Museum. It is stated that the phrases jotted down by Bacon are unusual phrases; that Bacon never uses them in his acknowledged works, and that they appear only in the works of Shakespeare. Mr. Crawford's point is that some at least of these are not unusual phrases but commonplaces which are constantly occurring in the literature of the time; that Bacon uses them freely in his acknowledged works, and that—oddly enough—the closest and most striking parallels occur not in Shakespeare, whose parallels, as adduced by the Baconians, are sometimes no parallels at all, but in other authors, and particularly in Ben Jonson. All this he proves to the hilt.

The moral of it is that such wide and exact knowledge of Elizabethan literature as is possessed by Mr. Crawford helps to show that the Baconians have made a mistake in concentrating their attention on Bacon and Shakespeare, and not sufficiently studying the other writers of the period. A coincidence between one author and another (between the "Promus," for instance, and Shakespeare) becomes less striking when a much closer coincidence can be shown to exist elsewhere, or the two phrases can be shown to have a common origin known to both writers, or to be a commonplace freely used at the time. And thus Mr. Crawford's fine and patient scholarship helps to prove that the "Baconian" element in Shakespeare is often no more Bacon's than it is Marlowe's, or Greene's, or Lyly's, or some other's: in fact, that it is common to the literature of the time. Incidentally he throws some light on the vexed question of Shakespeare's learning by adducing one or two instances in which phrases supposed to have been accessible to Shakespeare only in the Latin or Greek had been in fact translated by others before he used them.

For the general reader the service which Mr. Crawford's book performs is its new illustration of the fact that the level of learning and intelligence among Elizabethans was not nearly so low as is too often supposed. Mr. Harold Bailey in his "Shakespeare Symphony," and many other writers, seem to forget that a very large amount of learning was then "in the air," on men's tongues and on the tips of their pens. The Renaissance greed for knowledge, and especially for classical knowledge, was hot upon them, and they assimilated it with the rapidity of young minds. Because Shakespeare was not a University man, he need not be concluded an ignorant boor. He passed his time among brilliant wits of the University and Court, to whom scholarship and learning were matters of far keener daily interest and daily conversation than they are now. They read each other's books and heard each other's talk with avidity; and when they found anything they wanted, they made no bones about reproducing it. Other instances of this will be found in the first part of Mr. Crawford's book, which shows how Marston and Webster copied Florio's Montaigne independently, and helps to fix the relative dates of *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfi*.

Scenes and Shrines in Tuscany. By DOROTHY NEVILLE LEES. (Dent.)

MISS LEES has written a book for which all English lovers of Italy will be profoundly grateful. Practically all her

twenty-three sketches are, as the title indicates, of Tuscan scenes and customs; but few are exclusively Tuscan and many of her exquisite word-pictures of scenery caught in the gloaming or in early morning or at sunset, bathed in changing shades of crimson and gold fading to rose and purple, suggest Southern as much as Northern Italy. To Miss Lees Italy is God's garden: there is no country like it, or if there is, she would rather remain unacquainted with the fact of its existence.

Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it Italy—

We expected the quotation, and we found it—on the eighth page of her book. In a very modest preface she takes the reader into her confidence and professes an inability to do justice to her subject: she has set down merely impressions received here and there in the hope that she may enable those of her countrymen whose one visit to Italy has been the realisation of the dreams of a lifetime, to live over again the golden hours of which only a fading memory remains. Let us say at once that she has more than succeeded in her modest aim. Her book has "made magic" for us; forced us to turn its pages reverently, despite our fierce desire to get to the heart of it, and carried us away in triumph to the land where Passion and Beauty reign, and where the sky seems very much more blue and nearer to the earth than it does anywhere else. To the charm which Italy itself lends to her pages Miss Lees has added a charm of style—most noticeable in her descriptive passages—which Italy has generated in her heart and mind. We shall best do justice to her book by quoting a passage from the sketch entitled "A Tuscan Spring." She had risen early on a bright May morning, and leaning over the low wall circling the garden looked down upon the slopes of podere and the pine-clothed hills beyond:

A small green lizard lay upon the broad ledge at a little distance basking in the sun, while half a dozen others darted in and out of the crevices in the crumbling stone. In the fields below, the maples were clothed with tender foliage, draped with fair tendrils by the clinging vines; the cherry trees were decked like brides in a splendour of white blossom; the olives glittered silver in the early sunlight, their grey, twisted trunks rising from an emerald sea of young corn among which the scarlet poppies leapt like flame. . . . The laburnums dangled their golden chains; the lilacs, a mass of white and purple, filled the garden with perfume; the acacias were in flower—frail tassels of white bloom fringed with lace-like green; pale clusters of wistaria hung thickly against the time-stained plaster of the Villa, and mingled with the long festoons of Banksia rose, white and yellow, which drooped about pergola and wall, clung to old moss-grown statues, and even wound about the cypress trees. Far above, the larks were pouring out their joy; around the loggia the newly returned swallows were skimming; in the garden the insects were busy about the freshly opened buds. Everywhere there were roses, roses.

We advise every lover of Italy to read "Scenes and Shrines in Tuscany." It is a careful and delightful piece of work, marred by few errors of taste or fact.

THE CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS

II—POSSIBLE LINES OF REFORM

LAST week we called attention to some of the more glaring absurdities of the present system of licensing plays in this country. This week we propose to devote an article to considering the practical lines on which a reform of that system could be carried out and the points which specially call for alteration.

In the first place, the regulation by which all plays dealing with sacred subjects or with serious moral or social problems are prohibited should clearly be abolished. The modern theatre, the theatre of Hauptmann and Ibsen, of Tolstoy and Björnson and Brieux, is no longer a mere place of frivolous or licentious entertainment and it is absurd and out of date to treat it as such. The

serious drama of to-day is as much to be trusted to deal with questions of religion and morality as any other branch of literature, and if the novel-reading public can pass unscathed through the fiery trial of "Robert Elsmere" or "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," it can bear up under Ibsen's *Ghosts* or Mr. Lawrence Housman's *Bethlehem*. Moreover, the rule preventing the theatre from treating sacred or serious subjects has had results quite other than those which were intended. It was meant to prevent religion and morality from being corrupted by the theatre. It has merely prevented the theatre from being elevated by religion and morality. If English dramatists were not prevented by the Censorship from dealing with subjects of religious or ethical significance they would not be reduced to turning out an endless succession of comedies and farcical comedies about adultery. And if English dramatists were allowed to write plays about questions in which an intelligent person may be expected to take an interest they would turn out work that was less puerile and intellectually barren. That this barrenness would inevitably result from the restrictions which our Censorship imposes on the dramatist must be obvious to any one who considers the matter. If you cut off an art from all association with themes of vital significance and confine it strictly to the unreal and the trivial you inevitably doom it to sterility. We have done this in the case of the drama, and our plays in consequence, taken as a whole, have become merely conventional entertainments without relation to life or thought and quite below the standard of workmanship or intelligence displayed in other branches of contemporary literature.

Another change which is clearly necessary in the system of the Censorship is the abolition of its retrospective powers. This aspect of the matter was insisted on in an able letter by Mr. Cecil Raleigh a week or two ago in the *Daily Mail*. Mr. Raleigh has, we believe, the soundest and most enlightened views as to the indefensible character of our method of licensing plays from the artistic standpoint, but with a clear sense of our weaknesses as a nation he knew that it was useless to dwell on this. The English are not an artistic nation, and to arguments based on the claims of art they turn a deaf ear. But the English are a business nation—or at least they imagine that they are. Very well, said Mr. Raleigh. Let us see what the Censorship means on the financial side. Five hundred companies, or whatever it may be (we forget Mr. Raleigh's figures), are presenting plays every week in these islands. Their aggregate earnings represent so many tens of thousands of pounds. The capital invested in them represents so many hundreds of thousands. All this money at present is absolutely at the mercy of the Censorship of Plays. The Lord Chamberlain may withdraw the licence for any play to-morrow without reason given, and the play cannot thereafter be given in any theatre in the United Kingdom. As an inartistic nation we may not care two straws whether the Censorship degrades the drama or not. But as a business nation we may fairly object to so much capital being at the mercy of the caprices of an irresponsible official. We thank Mr. Raleigh for the argument. The withdrawal of the licence of *The Mikado* means the loss of a very large sum of money not merely to Mrs. D'Oyley Carte, but to scores of other people all over the country, from theatre managers and actors to the local firm which prints the programmes. It is difficult to estimate at all accurately the cost to the community of a change of front of this kind on the part of the Lord Chamberlain. It is therefore only reasonable, says Mr. Raleigh, that a licence once granted shall be irrevocable. The Lord Chamberlain cannot be allowed the luxury of changing his mind. Too many people and too much money depend on his decision. And we are bound to say Mr. Raleigh's contention seems to us to be reasonable.

On the more general question of the licenser's position it is, we think, self-evident that if that official is to be retained at all he should be removed from the Lord

Chamberlain's department and placed under the Home Office. Then at least he would exercise his functions in the full glare of publicity and if his powers were incompetently exercised they could be made the subject of questions in Parliament and, if necessary, of a motion for the adjournment of the House. The system of drawing attention to official blunders by asking questions in the House of Commons is a clumsy one and liable to abuse but it is perhaps the most effective check on such blunders that can be devised in a democratic community and it is peculiarly necessary in the case of the exceptional and despotic powers exercised by the Licenser of Plays. If the Censor were under the Home Office the Home Secretary would at least have to defend or repudiate his action when that action was made the subject of criticism, and this would go far towards securing a more intelligent exercise of the Censorial power than we sometimes see at present.

But the only change in the Censorship which would really meet the facts of the situation is the drastic one of its abolition. As an institution it is quite unnecessary and is merely an instance of a useless over-lapping of powers on the part of two different departments. The police have authority to deal with plays which are offensive to morality or are calculated to provoke a breach of the peace or are otherwise objectionable. The existence of the Censorship does not abrogate that authority and they can still intervene to prohibit or to modify a theatrical performance if they see fit even after the Censor has licensed it. The Censor therefore has really no function to perform whatever save to do at a fee of two guineas what the police are already there to do for nothing. We have no Censorship of painting in this country. Yet our picture-galleries do not take advantage of their freedom to give indecent exhibitions. And on the rare occasions when such a thing does happen at some obscure gallery the police take action and the exhibition is closed. We have no Censorship of music. Yet the cause of religion does not appear to have suffered in this country through the public and unashamed performances of oratorios like the "Messiah" and the "Elijah." Yet such performances would be rigidly prohibited if the rules applying to drama in England were extended to music. We have no Censorship of literature. Yet the number of objectionable books which are published in this country is relatively small and is easily dealt with by the police. Why should they have any more difficulty in controlling stage plays? In fact their task in the case of plays would be actually an easier one since objectionable books can be sold in a hole and corner manner in a side street and so for a time escape detection, while a theatre can only maintain itself and keep its doors open by the utmost publicity. The reasonable thing to do therefore is to set the drama free like the other arts and leave the police (and public opinion) to decide as to the limits within which that freedom should be exercised. The result, unless we are much mistaken, would be a great improvement artistically in the quality of our plays.

MOREAU LE JEUNE

I

It has always appeared to me very strange that the work of Moreau, one of the most illustrious of the French painter-engravers of the eighteenth century, has hitherto met with such comparatively scant appreciation on the part of art lovers and collectors in England. This neglect cannot certainly be due to any fault or failing on the part of the master, but must be rather reckoned as the result of general want of appreciation of the school.

To me Moreau, judged as an artist alone, is one of the most fascinating personalities of his time and his country, and his collected works seem to epitomise and explain

the *ancien régime* better than the pen of the most luminous historian. Within the scope of his own art there was nothing he could not do, and little that he could not do better than any one else. He is never dull and never repeats himself. He has this particular merit, namely, that he never sent out bad work, little, indeed, which was not of the very highest excellence.

Moreau's merits have, on the whole, been fully recognised in his own country and his work has been made the subject of several well-written and sympathetic monographs. M. Henri Béraldi, writing under the pseudonym of Henri Draibel, was the first to publish, in 1874, a summary catalogue of Moreau's work, an unpretentious brochure, but one that very successfully conveyed a general idea of the volume and importance of the artist's labours. The same writer, in collaboration with Baron Roger Portalis, gave us, in 1882, that admirable classic, "Les Graveurs du Dix-huitième siècle," which contains a delightful little chapter on Moreau, all aglow with genuine admiration of the man and his works.

But no one can name Moreau without also naming M. Mahéral, in his early days a pupil of the master and one whose life's work may be said to have been the collection of material for a *catalogue raisonné* of Moreau's work. Death overtook him before his task was completed, but his notes were preserved and faithfully transcribed in the volume published by his family in 1880.

Last of all, M. Emmanuel Bocher took up the unfinished story, and in the sixth volume of his truly monumental catalogue of French engravers has given us an exhaustive and almost fastidiously accurate description of nearly two thousand plates by or after Moreau, every known state of each print being described in minute detail. Everything, in short, that industry and research can do for the fame of an artist or engraver these men have done, and if a collector makes mistakes in his selection of Moreau prints he has no one to blame but himself.

Of the man himself we know comparatively little, and there is a record of some rather doubtful dealings between him and Le Bas which are not calculated to do Moreau much credit if they are true. The best means, however, of studying the man is to glance at Cochin's portrait of him, well engraved by Augustin de St. Aubin. A rather retreating forehead, a prominent, not to say aggressive, nose, a long upper lip and heavy jaw, the face, in fact, of a well-bred bull-dog, yet bearing in the keen eyes and general aspect of determination, a sure sign of the virility and will-power which enabled him to complete the enormous sum of labour which his talent conceived.

Jean Michel Moreau, commonly called Moreau le Jeune, to distinguish him from his elder brother, Louis Gabriel the painter, was born on March 26, 1741, the son of a *perruquier* in the Rue de Bucy, at Paris. Apprenticed early in life to the painter, Le Lorrain, he accompanied his master to Russia when the latter was appointed director of the Académie des Beaux Arts at St. Petersburg, but did not remain very long in the northern snows. Eighteen months later we find him back in Paris again, his art so little appreciated that he was forced to seek a livelihood by entering the famous *atelier* of Le Bas, wherein so many of the most notable engravers of the day learned the secrets of their engaging art. Here he soon achieved distinction, and not improbably contributed to many works to which Le Bas placed his name. His success was finally assured when Greuze, as keenly on the watch as ever was Reynolds for capable men to translate his paintings, recognised his talents and chose him to engrave several plates. The first important work of this series was the plate of "La Philosophie Endormie," a portrait of Madame Greuze. It is the first important piece on the copper by Moreau, and was finished by Aliamet's graver with such delicacy and restraint as to destroy little of Moreau's fine *eau forte*. Several other plates after Greuze were completed about the same time,

"La Bonne Education" and "La Paix du Ménage," finished by Igouf, "L'Éducation du jeune Savoyard," and the only three vignettes which Greuze ever designed, all of which should figure in a collection of Moreau's work as indications of his earliest inspirations.

In 1765 Moreau married Mlle. Pineau, a very wise choice for his worldly interests, as her mother was a de Prault and sister of the publisher of that name. The latter was quick to recognise Moreau's merit and made use of him to illustrate Hainault's "Histoire de France" and then a series of Italian volumes which were so successful that Basan, the Boydell of France, at once secured the rising genius for his "Métamorphoses," a production of great merit, wherein Moreau figures in the great company of Boucher and Gravelot and does not lose by the comparison.

Le Bas had always sought to foster his pupil's talent as an artist and it was very largely owing to his master's advice that Moreau cultivated and improved his gifts of drawing and designing. Before he was thirty he had produced many original pieces of importance, including certain famous scenic panorama which are but rarely found in British collections. The first of these dates from 1766 and is entitled "Le Revue de la Maison du Roi au Trou de l'Enfer," which, though signed by Le Bas, is recognisable as Moreau's work. The pendant to this is the other great military pageant known as "La Plaine des Sablons" which was not engraved till 1787.

After these works Moreau did a few plates after Vernet, the best of which are the four times of the day, finished by Cathelin. In 1768 appeared the "Couché de la Mariée" after Baudoin, on the whole the most famous print of the period, shortly afterwards followed by the "Modèle Honnête" after the same painter. Both plates were finished by Simonet, a fine artist, who has preserved very faithfully the characteristic Moreau touch. Volumes have been written for and against the idea which inspired Baudoin in these two works, but for Moreau's share in the translation and popularisation of the designs there has been nothing but praise, and a collector possessing the *eau forte* or better still, in my opinion, the proof before letters of the "Couchi" is a person to be envied.

In 1770 Moreau was nominated designer and engraver to the King, and from this date onward gave up his chief time to designing and engraved only a small number of plates. When, however, the fancy takes him to attack a portrait, a vignette or a *cul de lampe*, he seems at once to re-establish his pre-eminence by unrivalled work. Nothing in the whole history of book illustration can be finer than the four tiny plates in Désormeaux's "Histoire de la Maison de Bourbon" which are gems of the first water. If these four plates stood alone they would endear his work to the bibliophile, but Boucher's frontispiece, Choffard's *fleurons* and dedication, and some twenty other designs by Moreau, give additional interest to a work which, begun in 1772, reached its fifth volume in 1788 and was never finished.

Another very great charm in Moreau is his originality and freedom from the usual restraints and trammels of the schools. We cannot take any one of his designs and affirm that he borrowed or stole the central idea, the situation, or the pose, from either contemporaries or forerunners: his talent was great and it was eminently original, nothing seemed to come amiss to his genius. The collector may search for his work and discover in it the most unlikely places. Who would expect to find such a marvellous design as the "Cathédrale d'Orléans" hidden away as the frontispiece to an almost unknown breviary? For portraits he seems to have had little inclination, but even in this direction he translated a few good things. His best *eau forte* of a portrait is the plate of the Dauphin Louis Auguste after the Suede Hall: next comes another *eau forte* of the Duc de Choiseul, a masterly piece, and there are besides the portrait of his father-in-law Pineau, of the Bishop of Orléans, and of La Borda, *valet de chambre* of the king, besides a few others. La

Borde appears to have been a composer of some ephemeral distinction and to have planned a work in four volumes which he intended to be illustrated by Moreau. For the first volume twenty-five plates were indeed designed and engraved by the master, but for some unexplained reason the task was not continued, and this single volume represents Moreau's last considerable effort as engraver.

Almost simultaneously he began his illustrations to Molière's works, supplying thirty-three designs of which he himself engraved but a single plate. Rousseau next attracted him, and to the London edition of the author, dated 1774-1783, he contributed a series of superb designs which are masterpieces of intelligence. No other writer appears to have taken so strong a hold upon the artist: it is clear that Moreau not only understood his subject but was fascinated by it. Voltaire he illustrated twice in his life, and the popularity of the author helped to keep alive the memory of Moreau in the decadent period of art associated with the passionless days of Davidism that followed the Revolution.

The illustrations to Voltaire are of more unequal merit than the delicious and living pictures of the Rousseau: yet there are some real gems, two of "L'Ingénue," one of "Gertrude," one of "Le Cadenas," and in particular the illustration to Chant xiii. of "La Pucelle," the most exquisite treatment of candle-light effects that the most exacting connoisseur, other than Mrs. Grundy, can desire.

Mention of the Voltaire "Pucelle" reminds me of an amusing story. When the impressions of Helvetius's "Esprit" and Voltaire's "Pucelle" reached Switzerland, the authorities of the canton of Berne were so scandalised that they ordered all the copies to be impounded. The minion of the law charged with the execution of the decree is reported to have presented himself to the council and to have pompously made the following impressive declaration: "Magnifiques, seigneurs! après toutes les recherches possible, ou n'a pu trouver dans toute la ville que très peu de l'Esprit et pas une Pucelle."

C. A COURT REPPINGTON.

LITERARY EPOCHS

THIS is the age of epochs—literary and other, but chiefly literary. As the phrase "age of epochs" is not very elegant let us say rather that this is the day of epochs. A day is a shorter space of time than an age, and it is comforting to think that night will speedily close in upon these same literary epochs and swallow them up for ever and ever—amen. To which learned professor did it first occur to cut literature up into epochs? And what did he do it for? If it was for convenience in lecturing a number of youths and maidens no great harm was done, for the youths and maidens have probably since forgotten all about literature. They may retain a vague impression that literature is a thing that is cut up into epochs with a writer's, usually a poet's, name to each. And the professor may have observed, for some professors are observant, that the youths and maidens remember the epoch when they forgot the poet. That is something gained, but not much. For if youths and maidens will not read Milton because he is a poet we are willing to be hanged if they will read him because he is an epoch.

No doubt for examination purposes the epoch is an excellent device. The successful epoch-book treats all that preceded its subject as a negligible chaos, and what succeeded it as kingdom come. Say, for example, the particular epoch is the Wordsworthian one. There sit the youths and maidens with their note-books. Yonder stands the professor with his. Throned above reclines Wordsworth, b. 1770; d. 1850. These dates at once show the class of youths and maidens that Wordsworth has

been selected to name an epoch because he lived a long time. It is a curious reason, which would scarcely occur to anybody but a professor. For if any of these patient youths and maidens ever read any more poetry after being conducted professorially through the *Prelude*—a most doubtful supposition—and hit upon Keats who passed his twenty-five years within the Wordsworthian epoch, mayhap an odd one of them, struck with the ageless glory of the verse, may say: Why is not Keats an epoch? Pursuing his way in these "realms of gold" this odd student, this one in ten thousand, may be struck by many most un-Wordsworthian things, by the poet's dwelling, for example:

And in the midst of this wide quietness
A rosy sanctuary will I dress
With wreathed trellis of a working brain,
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name—

and a thousand other famous and imperishable things, and he may ask again: What has this to do with Wordsworth and an Epoch? Perhaps some remnant of professorial influence may cause him to look up dates: John Keats, b. 1795, d. 1821; whereby he will see that Keats did not live long enough to make an "epoch." At this he may be glad; indeed as he keeps on reading Keats he may one day clasp his hands and lifting his eyes to Apollo thank him that the lecture-men never can make an "epoch" of Keats.

But worse remains behind. It might be possible by some theory of "movements" or "developments" to show that Wordsworth and Keats were born under the same star, or (that being a most unscientific phrase) took their origin in the same ethical tendency of the times; we should be sorry to hear it, but as a theory we grant its possibility. But what the deuce Byron is doing in any epoch called by the name of Wordsworth is beyond our poor wit to conceive. It may be granted that a more appropriate poet than Wordsworth for presiding over an epoch is not easily imagined. The professorial Wordsworth is even more appropriate than the real one. One effect of contemplating the often-pictured Seer—not the Collector of Taxes—roaming amid the hills listening to Nature preaching, is that it has taken us years to attain to climbing a hill without feeling that we are going to church. To people his "epoch" we gladly give to Wordsworth his friend Coleridge; we give him Southey—and welcome; and we even yield him reluctantly Charles Lamb. But when in imagination we offer him Lord Byron with "Don Juan" in his hand, saying: "Will this do for your epoch?" we feel inclined to run away like a guilty schoolboy without waiting for the answer. Think of Byron going into another man's epoch! And when you have thought of that, conceive of putting in Shelley! Shelley of the "Laon and Cythna"! Fie, fie! Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Byron are all immortals. They have all gone to Paradise, but not to the same Paradise. The thing is inconceivable. If they are in the same Paradise they are kept apart. For if Byron is not our Byron in Paradise then he is no longer Byron, and he had much better be himself elsewhere. Undoubtedly they keep them apart in those eternal fields, and each has his own plot of asphodel. That is why Dante conceived of circles, anticipating London society. And yet your professor and your extension lecturer calmly cram them all into one Epoch!

The absurdity is just as great in a Milton epoch, or a Dryden epoch. Both these poets lived to a good age, and accordingly in the lecture-books of the professors their years embrace the lifetime of a number of very various and very different writers, and they each mark an "epoch." But there was only one Milton, and no Miltonic school; and to make an "epoch" of him, as if he were some mere king or politician, is surely a very false way of dealing with his achievement. Whose epoch, it may be asked, is the present? Does it not seem as if we were still in the Shakespeare epoch, and the Milton epoch, and

the Shelley epoch? Is this not the epoch of any poet whose influence still survives? It could scarcely be called the Tennyson epoch, for Browning has equal qualifications of age and eminent respectability. Why should it not be the Tupper epoch? Tupper wrote much, was widely and highly respected and lived long. He also left behind him "works." To all of which the professional person will answer that it is convenient and appropriate to call a period of time by the name of the dominant writer. And if the matter were one of mere nomenclature it would not be worth while calling it in question. But it is more than that. The literary "epoch" is for the most part a mere assumption when it is named after a writer, particularly if that writer is a poet. Each great poet is a separate phenomenon. The poets of Milton's time did not write like Milton; for one thing they could not, and for another they did not try. And to compress four such men as Byron, Shelley, Keats and Wordsworth into one "epoch" to be called after Wordsworth is at once false and ludicrous.

And there is another question. What good can any human being derive from studying literature in "epochs"? If this is anybody's "epoch" it is Darwin's, and ever since that diabolically ingenious thinker laid down the laws, principles or processes—we are on slippery ground when we touch on science and must be careful; but whatever it was that Darwin did in regard to evolution we have had it applied to literature, which has accordingly become a "subject" to be anatomised, analysed, preserved in spirits, and put in glass cases. Hence these "epochs." It may be admitted that with Wordsworth one may go far on this road. And yet did not he sing of one Lucy:

But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

and say also:

The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration;

and give to us and posterities innumerable other lyrical outbursts that he owed to no "movement," "development," or "school" other than his own poet's soul?

Away with these "epochs" and "influences"! The man to whom the primrose was but a yellow primrose was a decent fellow compared to him who wants to know to what "school" belongs "La Belle Dame sans Merci." Down with "epochs"; leave them to monarchs and fashions.

ADAM LORIMER.

CHURCH MUSIC

CROSS divisions and confusion of purpose, to say nothing of side issues and intrusive irrelevancies, are ever ready to spring to the front when the question of church music is raised. In the Anglican Church the deficiencies of law have been to some extent supplied by a fairly constant tradition, but the Roman Church has suffered from that worst of ills, a law neglected. Few English people, either within or without its fold, realised how complete was the chaos when almost immediately upon his accession to the Pontificate Pope Pius X. issued the "Motu Proprio" to deal with the subject. Roman Catholics who had grown up amongst musical anachronisms, could not measure their extent, while, as Mr. Terry says in the book now before us, "a popular belief amongst Protestants, and one that dies hard, credits us with unvaryingly fine performances of fine music in our churches." Those, however, who look at this latest pronouncement apart from the standpoint of either Catholic or Protestant, conventionally so called, and, it may be added, apart from the headlines of the halfpenny press, find in the "Motu

Proprio" a recall to first principles akin to many which have been issued, either from Rome or locally at various periods of the Church's history.

Mr. Terry's book, "Catholic Church Music," begins with a clear statement of the law, since not only is the "Motu Proprio" printed in full in English, but his first chapter is devoted to a collection of the Papal decisions with regard to church music from the Council of Trent onwards. Had he gone further back, to the year 1322, a still more forcible parallel to the present "Motu Proprio" would have been found in the edict of Pope John XXII. which forbade all *discant* in the churches. Now *discant* was the practice of adding extempore counterpoints to the plain-song from which eventually the polyphonic school sprang, so that the Church of 1322 tried to strangle in its infancy the art to which it now points as a model of devotional music. And yet it cannot be denied that the principle then asserted was the same as that now reiterated; *discant* then represented the spirit of enterprise and experiment which was, and is, foreign to the quietude which inspires reverence and opens the heart to mysteries. That spirit was too strong to be crushed by a Papal edict, even at a time when the development of art was carried on almost entirely under the auspices of the Church; now that it finds ample opportunity outside the Church, she is at liberty to choose what music she will have, since art is in no sense dependent upon her patronage. She has chosen wisely; she will restore the dignified melody of her ancient plain-song to its traditional position, and she will preserve alive the glorious music of the polyphonic school of Palestrina and Di Lasso, of our own composers, Tye and Byrd, and further, new contributions to her store of music are to be built upon these models. What such an enactment as this may bring forth it would be rash to prophesy, but it is not impossible that a great school of church music might yet be reared on so noble a foundation; even should this not be the case, and composers nowadays are little inclined to bow to restriction of any kind, the widespread adoption of this rule in the churches must have the greatest effect in training the taste of many thousands of people whose artistic standards are still based upon what they see and hear in church.

The author of "Catholic Church Music" has been foremost among church musicians in England to grasp the importance of the "Motu Proprio," and to give practical effect to its injunctions. He has seen clearly that the level of musical performance must be immeasurably raised if music of the kind required is to be used in such a way as to be conducive at once to the ends of religion and of art. He has made a systematic study of the music itself, of the law of the Church with regard to it, of ritual requirements affecting the music, and most important of all, of the art of training a choir; and the results of his studies he has summed up in a concise volume. While the authority of the Church is for him absolute, he knows human nature well enough to realise that many church musicians will need some persuasion if they are to accept a hard saying which forbids them the masses of Mozart and Gounod. So Mr. Terry spends the first part of his book in explaining the need for reform and the "essential fitness" of the old music. The second part deals with the practical formation of choirs, and of the duties of the organist and choirmaster. Here he is bound to reiterate much that is the common knowledge of every parish choirmaster of the Anglican Church, since the training of boys' voices has hitherto been shirked by choirmasters of the Roman Church; in fact it may be said that as regards this feature of the choral service Roman Catholics are to-day much in the same position as were Anglicans when the Oxford movement introduced "surpliced" choirs everywhere and made the troublesome choir-boy a painful necessity. If he is the despair of the parson and the butt for all the grumblers of the congregation, he is yet worth the grey hairs which he will inevitably cost the choirmaster, and the sooner he is understood, appreciated,

and licked into shape the better. Mr. Terry's experience will help to this end.

The "complete guide to all musical functions" will also make this an invaluable handbook to choirmasters and others who have charge of the practical conduct of services, though it has not the general interest of the rest of the work. The final section on the English School of Church Music is a useful contribution to a neglected subject. We are all, Romans and Anglicans, Christians and heathens, alike too ignorant of the great school of polyphonic church music which flourished in our own country immediately before the Reformation, indeed, curiously enough, while that very trying event was actually taking place. Mr. Terry knows well what it produced, and in the choral services of Westminster Cathedral he is giving every Londoner the chance of knowing some of this beautiful music. In this short book he has been able only to touch upon the characteristics of its greatest composers, Tye, Byrd, Tallis, Peter Philips, and others, but he does so in a way to stimulate interest. Only when he treats of "the fate of English Church Music at the Reformation" does he become controversial and convertible. It is very natural that he should see events through the spectacles of his own churchmanship. No one, of course, will deny the fact that soon after the Reformation the glories of the polyphonic school faded, but it must be remembered that they faded and died in Rome itself. It is also true that the reformed Church was averse to "curious singing," as we have seen the Holy See had been two hundred years previously; but although the prejudice of the reformers persuaded Tallis and Byrd to write a few services in plain counterpoint, "nota contra notam," it is surely unlikely that it could have slain a living art which the Roman edict was powerless to slay in its infancy. Probably the Reformation had less to do with the polyphonic school than had the needs of artistic evolution. Apart from church music we find composers of this period feeling their way in madrigals towards simple harmonic progression, and it was needful that a time of comparative poverty should follow while the new principles were being mastered. But Mr. Terry says no new school of church music was founded in its place. We might be content to point to Gibbons only, who certainly combined the simplicity of the "nota contra notam" style with the dignity of polyphony. If this work were the only example, church music would have survived the Reformation and produced something nobly characteristic of the English liturgy. But this is not all. Granted that English church music has never risen to the point it reached in the old days, it has, through the vicissitudes of puritan antagonism and of eighteenth-century indifference, held steadily to the ideal of a reverent spirit of church worship. As Mr. Terry himself shows, the best music, which since the sixteenth century has been written for the Roman church, has been frankly secular in spirit; only temporarily after the Restoration, and, alas! in some of the effusions of the late nineteenth century, can the same be said of the music of the English church. Under almost every name of the long line of "Cathedral composers," stretching from Gibbons to S. S. Wesley, will be found some work, be it service or anthem, which breathes not only the reverent spirit of the church but the pure air of artistic inspiration.

H. C. C.

FICTION

Rising Fortunes. By JOHN OXENHAM. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

THIS is a very pleasant account of the fortunes of two young men—the one a writer, the other an artist—who leave Edinburgh for the wider market-place of London. We have used the word "pleasant" because it would

seem exactly to sum up the keynote of such a homely unpretentious story. Just pleasant and no more! But how grateful we feel to an author who is contented with such modest limitations after we have been well-nigh deafened by others clamouring and shrieking to make an impression! In discussing such a book as "Rising Fortunes" it is idle to demand strenuousness of treatment, or a closely constructed narrative of events. Mr. John Oxenham has tried for other things. The story is slight enough, nor is psychological study of much importance in it. The interest of the book lies in his evident delight in the simple characters he has chosen to portray, and in his gift of conveying to us the atmosphere of a certain homely sincerity and goodness of heart, which goes far to disarm criticism of the conventions and thread-bare incidents to which he has occasional resource. Had the drawing of the principal characters been more subtle, had the effects been produced with a more disciplined skill, in fact had the realities been more honestly regarded, the book might have gained immeasurably. Such writing as that of Mr. Oxenham depends mainly upon freshness and intimacy of observation. The most living figure in the book is Lord Terrapin, and the brief description of his life and death is well touched in. But we could wish that the principal figures had been less perfect and less fortunate! Surely no two young men have had such chances as did Black and McAlpine? Do young draughtsmen—no matter how skilful—obtain such speedy recognition? Do wealthy ironfounders give unknown youths free lodging and a pound a week into the bargain, merely because they have honest faces, and have chosen to apply for the post of caretaker? Do loving swains come quite so easily upon those ideal faces which, once seen, remain unforgotten; and do those faces, when found again, smile back with responding readiness? Do anonymous writers usually create such a stir as did Garth Royall? Do—but there is no end to such questions. As to details we doubt the possibility of such a partnership as that of the McAnando brothers. Could not an artist like James McAlpine, with a facility which throws Charles Keen completely into the shade, combined with an aptness which placed Giotto's circle nowhere, have got on single-handed without having to depend, first on his friend and then on his wife, for inspiration? It is clear from other minor matters that Mr. Oxenham knows less of art than of journalism.

The Millionaire and the Lady. By GERTRUDE WARDEN. (Long 6s.)

MISS WARDEN is distinguished among writers of "sensational" novels by possessing more than one uncommon attribute. She succeeds for one thing in really keeping her mystery a mystery right through the story quite up to the end. In a story of this kind where one is sure of some mysterious secret and is consequently on the look-out for it, this is not an easy thing to do. We feel genuinely surprised when we discover the secret of Beau Lester and Lady Bensham. But the really uncommon gift which Miss Warden possesses is a very keen penetration into, and understanding of human nature. In this class of writing, where all style and all artistic methods are usually abandoned as unnecessary and only a startling rendering of an intricate plot is sought for, such a gift of characterisation strikes the reader forcibly. Melodramatic as the tale is, the characters are not only carefully studied—as is so often the case in books with a far higher aim—but they are spontaneously drawn, as by a person to whom close observation has become a second nature. There are small vivid touches in the book which make these actors in a conventional melodrama more real than those in many a laboriously studied and carefully written "psychological novel." If this intimacy with nature is so strong as to be used almost unconsciously in writing for a class which—far from demanding it—probably passes it by unnoticed, how much might be done with such a talent on work of a

finer kind. We should like to see Miss Warden for once renounce sensational fiction and turn her attention to a book in which the study of character would outweigh the plot. We imagine that she would succeed too well to regret the step. As it is, the majority of readers will turn the pages of "The Millionaire and the Lady" with unflagging interest, and the minority with a feeling of growing irritation that a writer so well equipped for better work should waste her talents in a field so far beneath her.

For the Week End. By "HANDASYDE." (Lane, 6s.)

THE people whom one meets at these three week ends, if not very vivid are at least human, and their conversation, if not brilliant, is at least natural. So too is their behaviour. It is a little unusual, perhaps, but virtue is not necessarily unnatural to some natures—or half measures either apparently. The story is chiefly concerned with the loves of Blanche and Mortimer, or rather the loves of these two people are written in story form, though there is really hardly any "story" at all. The book is an account of the three week-ends at which these two meet, and discuss their feelings for one another. Blanche is married to an easy-going husband, who is more concerned with his father's capacity for living, than with his wife's incapacity for unfaithfulness—but perhaps we wrong Blanche, who is a gentle creature. More than probably she was capable of as much as we feel inclined to give her credit for! We think she is charming, and do not wonder at all—at least in one sense—at Mortimer's attitude. These two people admit the truth simply after the fashion of some complex natures, while the beautiful and simple duchess (we use the word "simple" to express a brain with about two convolutions) tries to doctor it—the truth not the brain—a little. The story does not, obviously, work up to the coming tragedy. The reader knows no more of it up to a certain point than do the people acting. Then the audience is allowed to feel it coming. To the actors it is as sudden as it is terrible! It is told very simply and naturally. This book is slight, but what there is of it is true, direct, and simple. The dialogue is easy and light; all melodrama and "effects" are avoided and the pathos is not cheap. The different types of one class are well if slightly drawn.

A Just Fate. By GEORGE LONG. (Greening, 6s.)

HAROLD MARKS, whose just fate appears to be the subject of this book, was a very wicked young man who, having preserved from death the beautiful daughter of Sir Richard Brandon, aspired to her heart and hand. Harold, however, was of lowly birth, and Sir Richard, on behalf of his daughter, declined with thanks. Sir Richard was determined; so was Harold, who swore to win the beautiful Helen, and to have and to hold her—and her money—until death should them part. He requested Helen to elope with him, but Helen had assured her papa that she was "all obedience," and so Harold had to wait. While unsuccessful with Helen, Harold had been only too successful with a serving-maid, and while he waited for Helen he stirred emotions in another lady's breast and clasped her to his own. In the interval he stole—diamonds, pearls, rubies, deeds to estates. At last he tricked Helen into a marriage which was performed by a pawnbroker's apprentice, and after a short time left her, disregarding the claims of paternity, and returned to Elise, the third love. In the end he was brought to justice, and Elise's brother—Harold's confederate in crime—shot himself and Elise, and Helen married Arthur Stradbroke, and Sir Richard married Ada, and Myra married Arthur, and in a short space of time Myra had "got two children" and Helen had got one. Also, Helen had "got a good husband at last"—which was very nice for Helen. We may mention that there is a picture on the cover of "A Just Fate" which appears to have been designed for another book: it seems to have no connection with the story.

FINE ART

NON ANGELI SED ANGLI

WHEN the inhabitants of the uncultiferous portion of these islands employ the adjective *un-English* you may be sure there is something serious on the carpet. It is valedictory, expressive of sorrow and contempt rather than anger. All the other old favourites of vituperative must have missed fire before the almost sacred disqualifying Pod-snappianism is applied to the objectionable person, picture, book, behaviour or movement. And when the epithet is brought into action, in nine cases out of ten it is aimed at some characteristic essentially, often blatantly, Anglo-Saxon. Throughout the nineteenth century all art and literature not conforming to Fleet Street ideals was voted *un-English*. Byron, Shelley, Keats, Mr. Swinburne, the Pre-Raphaelites, and, in course of good time, those artists who formed the New English Art Club. There was some ground for suspicion of foreign intrigue. They regarded Mr. Whistler, the American, as a pioneer who flirted with French impressionism, and some of their names still suggest the magic Orient or the romantic scenery of the Rhine. But it is not extravagant to assert that if Mr. Rothenstein had chosen to be born in France or Germany instead of Bradford his art would have come to us in another form; in his strength and his weakness he is more English than the English. Art may have cosmopolitan relations (it is usually a hybrid), but it must take on the features of the country and people where it grows; or it may change them or change the vision of the people of its adoption; but Ruth must not look too foreign in the alien corn, or her values will get wrong. When an English artist airs his foreign accent and his smattering of French pigment his work has no permanent significance. Even Professor Legros has unconsciously assimilated British subjectivity: his Latin rein has been slackened; his experiments are often literary.

Yet it is a popular error to regard the exhibition of the New English Art Club as a homogeneous movement, such as that of Barbizon and the Pre-Raphaelite—inspired by a single idea or similar group of ideas. The members have not even the cohesion of Glasgow or defunct Newlyn. The only thing they have in common, in common originally with Glasgow, was a distaste for the tenets and ideals of Burlington House. The serpent (or was it the animated rod) of the Academy soon swallowed the sentimentalities of Newlyn, just as the International boa-constrictor made short work of Glasgow. And the forbidden fruit of an official Eden has tempted many members of the club. Others have resigned from time to time but with no ill result—to the Club. Now the reason for this is that the members have no dependence on each other, except for the executive organisation of Mr. Francis Bate. It may be doubted if in their heart of hearts they admire each other's works. They are intense individualists (personal friends may be in private life) artistically speaking, with only a cutting acquaintance with each other at the Slade.

The mannerism of Professor Legros is still of course a common denominator for the older men, and the younger artists evince a familiarity with drawing unusual in England, due to the admirable training of Mr. Henry Tonks. The spartan professor may not be able to make geniuses, but he has the faculty of turning out efficient workmen; whether they become members of the club or drift into the heaven of Burlington House, at all events they *can* fly and wear their aureoles with propriety. But a society which contains such distinctive and assertive personalities as Mr. Wilson Steer, Mr. Charles Conder, Mr. A. John, Mr. Rothenstein, Mr. Von Glehn, Mr. MacColl, and Mr. Roger Fry and Professor Holmes cannot possess even such unity of purpose as inspired Mr. Holman Hunt and his associates of the 'fifties. What agony must be gone through by the selecting jury: the acceptance of nearly

every other work must be a source of pain to many of the committee who for once at least in the year sympathise with academic difficulties. The New English is simply an admirably administered association whose members have rather less in common than is shared by the members of an ordinary political club. The exhibitions are for this reason intensely interesting. They cannot be waved aside like mobs, and no comprehensive epigram can do them even an injustice.

Works of art should not be judged by their size, but in this present exhibition if we except Mr. Sargent and Mr. Holmes the important pictures happen to be the largest. Marcus Aurelius said there was no necessity to praise an emerald and so it is with Mr. Sargent's works of which there are no less than six. Every one knows the story of the little boy who asked Sydney Smith (or Mr. Algernon Ashton) if the tortoise would be pleased at being patted, and the sage's reply that you might as well pat the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter. I am always reminded of that story when trying to praise Mr. Sargent or even Mr. Wilson Steer now that he too is fully recognised. I can only say that his two superb portraits can hardly be appreciated in the narrow confines of the gallery. It is the picture of Mr. Henry Tonks which I believe will give the most pleasure, because of recent years it has been a little hard for his many admirers to persuade the amiable Philistine exactly why he was one of the most significant of living painters. You could only say that he taught Slade students and painted *Rosamund and the Purple Jar*, and you could describe vaguely little works in private collections the names of which you had forgotten. Now at least every doubter can be sent to see his *Strolling Players*. In no modern picture has sunlight been more superbly handled; for it is sunlight coming through Venetian blinds, a peculiarly difficult problem, which Mr. Gregory once succeeded in solving. The Dutch of course have achieved it when seen through curtains or half-closed shutters and Mr. Sargent has treated the theme in water-colour, but no one has met with greater success than Mr. Tonks.

Among figure-subjects Mr. William Rothenstein gives us another dignified group of Rabbis reading the *Megilloth* and his brother the portrait of a laundress who has obviously nothing but clean linen in her basket. Mr. Albert Rothenstein has the merit of not trying to cover up his defects by faking. He puts down all his difficulties with such engaging candour that it would be heartless and obvious to point them out, but I can hardly believe that Professor Tonks passed this siren without some observation; it is an interesting attempt to emulate a Madox Brown scheme of colour. Then there is a work by Mr. Walter Sickert, *The Parlour Mantelpiece*, one among several delightful works of an interesting painter who from friendship or admiration or both decided that the greatest art was to allow the Master to conceal your talent. One day his excellences will be recognised by buyers, I hope in time for him to be at least amused. Of the landscapes those by Professor Holmes interested me most: the painting of them is not only learned, but they are beautiful things to live with; and I would not care to live with all the pictures I admire: some I would put in the spare bed-room. Professor Holmes here repeats his triumph of the *Hills at Dornach* exhibited at Agnew's. I have alas no further space to speak of the fascinating work by Mr. Von Glehn and Mr. Bellington Smith, Miss Van Waddington and Mr. Walter Russell.

I never knew any painter worthy of the name who paid the smallest attention to what a critic says except perhaps in conversation. I doubt if collectors of modern pictures pay much; therefore I write fearlessly. I have already pointed out why the New English Art Club with its ever changing life is the most interesting modern exhibition in London. I have said the merits of the artists were distinctive and that you could not group them into a school. May I now mention their faults?

And what painter is without fault? Their faults are shared by *nearly* all of them, their virtues are their own. I see an absence of any *desire* for beauty, for physical beauty. If the artists have fulfilled a mission in abolishing "the sweetly pretty Christmas supplement kind of work," I think they dwell on the trivial and the ignoble, less perhaps at the present show than in some others. They put a not very interesting domesticity into their frames. Rossetti of course wheeled about the marriage couch but it was itself an interesting object of *veru*. Modern art ceased to express the better aspirations and thoughts of the day when modern artists refused to become the servants of the commune, but asserted themselves as a component part of an intellectual republic. That is why people only commission portraits and prefer to buy old masters who anticipate those better aspirations. Burne-Jones, however, expressed in paint that longing to be out of the nineteenth century which was so widespread; and now we are well out of it the rising generation does not esteem his works with the same enthusiasm as the elders; it reads Mr. Wells on the future and looks into the convex mirror of Mr. Bernard Shaw; but it does not buy Dubedats to the extent that it ought to do. The members of the New English Art Club could, I think, preserve their aesthetic conscience and yet paint beautiful things and beautiful people. Mr. Steer has now given them a lead. I wonder what Mr. Winter's opinion would be? He is the best salesman in London.

C. F.

DRAMA

AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

WHEN Mr. Beerbohm Tree left the Haymarket Theatre it seemed as though we lost one of our finest character-actors; or rather not lost but mislaid on the vast stage of His Majesty's. Neither Shakespeare nor scenery nor Mr. Stephen Phillips was any compensation. But now that the proscenium can be made smaller there seems some chance of our being able to enjoy drama and acting once more. Who knows that we may not even enjoy Shakespeare again? The revival of Oscar Wilde's *Woman of No Importance* with an unusually brilliant caste has thrown considerable light on the state of the drama and dramatic criticism, and on contemporary taste. It proves that Wilde was the only *literary* playwright since Sheridan whose dramas command any degree of popular attention, and that in artificial comedy he has never been replaced. Mr. Bernard Shaw and the literary group of Court dramatists have never been tested for long runs, at least in England, and of them Mr. St. John Hankin alone is a derivative of Oscar Wilde's. An insufficient acquaintance with Mr. Shaw's plays, or perhaps with Wilde's, induces some of the critics to suggest that Mr. Shaw belongs or belonged to the same school. Both were men of letters, both were Irish, and there the resemblance ceases. Wilde was never influenced by Ibsen; he was only interested: he never took the trouble to acquire what for England was the new technique. Some of the critics point out that constructively his plays were old-fashioned when they were produced. That is actually true and it is for this reason perhaps that they have all the freshness and the old fashion of Congreve and Sheridan. Just as Mr. Samuel Pepys thought poorly of *Hamlet* when it was revived at the end of the seventeenth century, Wilde's plays do not appeal to some of the critics, especially if they happen to be playwrights themselves. With the exception of "Ernest," none of them ever had a "good press," and this is ascribed to the author making a character (in one of his stories), say "that all the dramatic critics were to be bought, but to judge by their appearance they could not be very expensive." The number of times

each year in which his plays are still performed, only Mr. Samuel French could tell us, and that they must be read a good deal the great quantity of pirated editions on the market, at rather high figures, should convince the sceptical; while on the continent Wilde and Mr. Shaw are the only modern English dramatists held of any account. One of the chief reasons for their popularity is that, within the convention of artificial comedy, they present a true picture of their time; there is none of that gross violation of probability which mars some of the excellent work of Mr. Pinero and all Mr. Sutro's plays. Just as a picture by Reynolds or Gainsborough is true for all time even though we have discarded the furbelows of their sitters. It is the absence of provincialism, the simplicity and naïve elementality of the themes which gives them an enduring place on the European stage. We should remember that Lord Beaconsfield, to whom they owe something, said that contemporary Continental opinion was the verdict of posterity.

A Woman of no Importance was said to be the author's favourite play, and in spite of his disclaimer there can be little doubt that Lord Illingworth was designed for Mr. Beerbohm Tree. It is certainly one of the actor's happiest impersonations, and when the cares of management have permitted him time to become word perfect again, a new generation which knew not the Haymarket, will understand why he is regarded as the head of his profession; and perhaps the revival is the signal for Mr. Tree's permanent return to drama. The Lady Hunnington of Mrs. Charles Calvert, is not of course the author's idea of the part, but he would probably be converted by the superbly finished interpretation of this talented actress without wronging the memory of the inimitable Rose Leclerc. That Miss Marion Terry should share the triumph of Mr. Tree is particularly apposite, because it is to her exquisite art that Wilde's first play in London owed a large measure of its first night success. The only criticism we can offer is that she makes it impossible to believe that Lord Illingworth could have behaved so badly to any one so charming as Mrs. Arbuthnot. The rôle of Hester Worsley is a crucial difficulty in casting this drama, and we can felicitate ourselves that Miss Tree was too young to have appeared in the original production as her present age no less than her art make her the ideal Hester. To many people the character preserves the play from the charge of degraded cynicism, but over acted it would wreck the most important scenes. Miss Viola Tree never faltered. We have nothing but praise too for Miss Ellis Jeffreys who is deprived by the exigencies of the play from getting all the applause she so thoroughly deserved, and Miss Kate Cutler is almost too accomplished for such a small part as Lady Stutfield. The make up of Mr. Edward Maurice is wrong; he should be clean shaven as Mr. Kemble was in the first production. Altogether it is a brilliant and notable revival for which playgoers may be congratulated, and Mr. Tree cannot be sufficiently applauded.

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. SIDNEY LEE AND THE SHAKESPEARE SONNETS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In his notice of William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," Mr. (now Dr.) Sidney Lee stated:

"Other parts of the Dedication [of the First Folio] prove as clearly that Shakespeare was on friendly terms with Pembroke, and the fact confirms the suggestion that the publisher's Dedication of Shakespeare's 'Sonnets' to 'the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets, Mr. W. H.' is addressed to Pembroke, disguised under the initials of his family name, William Herbert. The acceptance of this theory gives Shakespeare's 'Sonnets' an important place in Pembroke's early biography. The 'Sonnets,' though not published till 1609, were written for circulation among private friends more than ten years

earlier. . . . Shakespeare's young friend was, doubtless, Pembroke himself, and the 'dark lady,' in all probability, was Pembroke's mistress, Mary Fitton. Nothing in the 'Sonnets' directly contradicts the identification of W. H., their hero and 'onlie begetter,' with William Herbert, and many minute internal details confirm it." The italics throughout are mine, not Dr. Lee's.

Turning to Mr. Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare" this is what I read:

"The theories that all the Sonnets addressed to a woman were addressed to the 'dark lady,' and that the 'dark lady' is identifiable with Mary Fitton, a mistress of the Earl of Pembroke, are baseless conjectures. . . . The introduction of her name into the discussion is solely due to the mistaken notion that Shakespeare was the *protégé* of Pembroke, that most of the Sonnets were addressed to him, and that the poet was probably acquainted with his patron's mistress. . . . No peer of the day, however, bore a name which could be represented by the initials 'Mr. W. H.' Shakespeare was never on terms of intimacy (although the contrary has often been recklessly assumed) [? by Mr. Sidney Lee, *supra*] with William, third Earl of Pembroke, when a youth. . . . The alleged erroneous form of address in the Dedication of Shakespeare's 'Sonnets'—'Mr. W. H.' for Lord Herbert or the Earl of Pembroke—would have amounted to the offence of defamation, and for that misdemeanour the Star Chamber, always active in protecting the dignity of peers, would have promptly called Thorpe to account. . . . The Sonnets offer no internal indication that the Earl of Pembroke and Shakespeare ever saw each other."

I put this sentence in italics, as in the "D. N. B." Mr. Lee says: "Nothing in the Sonnets directly contradicts the identification of W. H., their hero and 'onlie begetter,' with William Herbert, and many minute internal details confirm it," and, again, "Shakespeare was on friendly terms with Pembroke" wrote Mr. Sidney Lee in the same article.

It taxes my meagre Baconian wit, over which Mr. Sidney Lee has often waxed merry ("Baconian flummery," he styles it in his latest), to reconcile his two edicts that "Shakespeare was on friendly terms with Pembroke" and "the Earl of Pembroke and Shakespeare never saw each other"; that, at one and the same time, 'Mr. W. H.' could be *Mr.* William Herbert (a designation of *Lord* William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, which Mr. Lee describes as 'erroneous') and, at the same time, Mr. William Hall, whom Mr. Lee honours with the title—"the first of the pirate-publisher fraternity to procure a manuscript of Shakespeare's sonnets and recommend its surreptitious issue." There is a wide difference between "a belted Earl" and a "pirate publisher." Yet Mr. Lee, as I have shown, adopts both personages as the original of "Mr. W. H." of Sonnet notoriety.

The "Dictionary of National Biography" and "The Life of Shakespeare" cannot both be correct on these points. Which of his two statements does Mr. Lee ask his readers to accept?

According to a critic of his latest volume, "Mr. Lee is a sound guide, producing an impression of sober, well-reasoned judgment."

The foregoing I submit as specimens of Dr. Lee's "sober well-reasoned judgment."

GEORGE STRONACH.

"SHAKESPEARIAN"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent's protest against "Shakespearian" is welcome. If "Shakespearian" is going to lead to "Shakespearéan" it is an additional argument against the form; but the form itself is incorrect. The words in -ean, cited (Jacobean, empyrean, Promethean) are not parallel, for in these cases the -e represents a real sounded vowel to which the termination -an has been added. There are in practice two forms of this derivative termination, -an and -ian: no such termination as -ean exists. Now we have elected to spell a certain name "Shakespeare." But we do not pronounce it so. We pronounce it as a dissyllable, and the final -e is mute. It follows that the form "Shakespeare-an" is etymologically quite correct, but is trisyllabic. The adjective in use, however, has unquestionably four syllables. The termination, therefore, must be -ian and not -an. Hence the correct form "Shakespearian." If we desire to retain the purely graphic -e we must write "Shakespearéian." This would find an analogy—though a false one—in Bodleian and Harleian, but it is not pretty and there is

no reason for it. The form "Shakespearean" has doubtless been favoured by the wholly erroneous supposition that to write "Shakespearian" implied that one advocated the form "Shakespear." It does nothing of the kind; but, unless I am much mistaken, to write "Shakespearean" implies ignorance of English word-formation.

W. W. GREG.

May 26.

"TWO QUERIES"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—To "W. H. M.'s" Queries the answers are:

(1) "Osey" is *wine* only in the German sense, being *Apfelwein*, or cider, and being still so called in Celtic.

(ii) *Mici*, or (rather) *michi* is still the Florentine priests' pronunciation of *mihi*, as a recent Latin conversation, on an Italian steamer, with a Franciscan convinced me, to my partial confusion. Florentines, as Armenians, *must* suppress "h" or give it the German "ch" sound: there is for them, apparently, no middle way. The Arabic "h" (ha) becomes "ch" on Haik (Armenian) lips.

Femina perdigna, etc. Your correspondent (p. 500) is presumably mistaken in scanning these lines as an elegiac couplet. With equal accuracy he could see in them a reference to the *Sol Fa* and Guido d'Arezzo (*Fe, Si.*). Comedianus' versification is, says Professor (and Principal) John Rhys, of Oxford, the original of Welsh poetry, to a considerable extent. The *Saturday Review* of the 18th inst. (*re "Pervigilium Veneris"*) shows cleverly and clearly the connection between quantitative and accentual metric value. But here the accusation of poetry is, at least, Non Proven.

H. H. JOHNSON.

May 26.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—In the ACADEMY for May 25, p. 517, the question is asked as to the derivation of *Osey*, as the name of a wine.

I explained this word in 1869, in a note to the Prologue of Langland's "Piers the Plowman," l. 228 of the B-text, where we find "White wyn of Oseye, and red wyn of Gascoigne."

In "The Libell of Englishe Policye," written in 1436, at l. 132, we are told of Portugal, that "her land hath oyl, wyn, osey, wex and graine."

Notwithstanding this statement, the name *Osey* is certainly a form of Alsace. I refer to my edition of "The Romance of Partenay" (E.E.T.S., 1866), in which (as shown by the Index of Names, at p. 294), the form *Ausoy* frequently occurs with the sense of Alsace, and *Ausays* means Alsatians; and I add that Roquefort's "Old French Dictionary" explains *Aussay* to mean Alsacia. His supplement has "*Ausai*, L'Auxois, pays de la Bourgogne, et la province d'Alsace."

WALTER W. SKEAT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—To one of the "two queries" of W. H. M., on p. 517 of the ACADEMY, one may reply that *mici* was certainly a mistake for *michi*, commonly used in mediæval Latin for *mihi*, with the intention of maintaining the aspiration of the *h*, and not necessarily giving to it the sound of *ch* in Scotch *loch*, or German *ch*. Ducange records only a single instance of its use. One may compare the insertion of a silent *u* after *g* in Baskish, for the purpose of keeping up the hard Latin sound when *e* or *i* follow, and preventing its being gutturalised as in Castilian, or softened as in French.

E. S. DODGSON.

May 25.

THE LONGEST WORD IN THE GREEK LANGUAGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—The writer of your review of Mr. Lindsay's translation of Plato's "Republic," says that the Greek word for seven hundred and twenty-nine times has twenty-one syllables. A friend of mine, whom I can trust, has counted them and finds only seventeen. Even so, the word is probably the longest in the language, excepting the well-known Aristophanic compound.

C. S. JERRAM.

May 27.

LES MAÎTRES D'AUTREFOIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—Mr. Powell says in your last issue: "Has F. H. L. tried Heinemann?"

If F. H. L. tries Heinemann, Mr. Heinemann, being a publisher who knows his business, will answer: "I don't publish an English translation of Fromentin's 'Les Maîtres D'Autrefois' because an English translation was issued in 1882."

A copy lies before me. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin and Co. of Boston and New York. You can buy it in Paris, and I think in London. The translation by Mrs. Mary C. Robins is extremely well done.

It is better to read "Les Maîtres D'Autrefois" in French; but even in its English dress the volume remains one of the most intimate and sensitive art books ever written.

C. LEWIS HIND.

May 29.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART

John Downman, A.R.A., *His Life and Works*. By D. Williamson. 11 x 8½. Pp. lxviii, and 62. Otto, n.p.

BIOGRAPHY

Champness, Eliza M. *The Life Story of Thomas Champness* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 370. Charles Kelly, n.p.

DRAMA

Recently Recovered "Lost" Tudor Plays with some others. Edited by John S. Farmer. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 472. The Early English Drama Society, n.p.

EDUCATIONAL

Herbster, A. J. and F. D. *The Oxford Geographies*. Vol. iii. *The Senior Geography*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 363. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d.

Palmer, G. W. *Arithmetic. Chiefly Examples*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 339, xlii. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

FICTION

Coke, Desmond. *The Call*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 321. Chapman & Hall, 6s.

Hill, Ethel. *The Woman-Friend and the Wife*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 318. Greening, 6s.

Free, Richard. *On the Wall*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 303. Lane, 6s.

Long, George. *A Just Fate*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 318. Greening, 6s.

Orczy, The Baroness. *The Tangled Skein*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 332. Greening, 6s.

Mill, Garrett. *The Cardinal's Secret*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 329. Blackwood, 6s.

Mackay, Lydia Miller. *The Return of the Emigrant*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 336. Blackwood, 6s.

Bancroft, Francis. *Of Like Passions*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 331. Sisley, 6s.

Cooke, W. Bourne. *Madam Domino*. 7½ x 3½. Pp. 312. Sisley, 6s.

Walford, L. B. *The Enlightenment of Olivia*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 364. Longmans, Green, 6s.

Teskey, Adeline M. *Where the Sugar Maple Grows*. Idylls of a Canadian Village. 7½ x 5. Pp. 268. Moring, 3s. 6d. net.

HISTORY

Fletcher, C. R. L. *An Introductory History of England from Henry VII. to the Restoration*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 583. Murray, 5s.

MISCELLANEOUS

Of our English Dogs and their Qualities. Written by William Harrison. 6 x 4½. Pp. 32. Wellwood, 6d. net.

Thonger, Charles. *The Book of Rock and Water Gardens*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 94. Lane, 2s. 6d. net.

A Day-Book of Short Readings for Use by Busy People. Trinity to Advent. By the author of "Praeparatio." With a preface by the Rev. George Congreve, M.A. 7½ x 5. Pp. 435. Masters, 6s. net.

Morel, E. D. *Red Rubber*. 7 x 4½. Pp. 241. Unwin, 1s. net.

Hodgson, W. Earl. *How to Fish*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 377. Black 3s. 6d. net.

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